THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. G. W. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

(The circumstances of the following story, which are strictly true, occurred during the reign of James II., in order to extend the cause of the persecution in Scotland, when the Church of the Nation, the Episcopalian Church established on the Revolution, was strictly enforced. My Patrick Thorn, the father of the young heroine, had taken part in the expedition of Argyle, which was intended to act in concert with Monmouth's insurrection in England, and which ended in the greatly disastrous consolation. It was while Mr Patrick was a fugitive, hunted from place to place, that the incidents here recorded took place.)

"Mother, look at Grizzy! She has fallen up a the chair's head the time we've been eatin' our kirn."

The small boy who made this complaint had suddenly looked up with a pair of round, large eyes from the empty platter which had been set before him for infinite before, full of substantial broth. In those days there was plain living in the manse-houses of Scotland, and the children brought up on broth and porridge were excellent specimens of their race.

Little Sandy had stocks like two may apples, and would time your well opened under the influence of indignation and fun. His yellow hair was bleached almost to whiteness on the top with exposure to sun and air, while the curling locks that fell about his ears had touches of russet-gold like the eyes. Sandy was fond of his dinner, and of shoes (shoes) in particular—a characteristic Scotch child.

Perhaps the little speaker of the grievance does not know what is meant by Scotch broth. It is the blue of soup, an infinite more palatable left by one French connoisseur to the Savoyard of the Lowlands. The gentleman is talking to it.

In the first place, Lucretia's good housekeeper of mind, mutton or beef, well and slowly boiled but not overdone, for that is cause after to a Highly Scotchbot, where the law for the clothing, said to be that he who are (supply) the most broth had the most most alternative. To this is added pearl barley, turnips and carrots cut in small pieces, and the green vegetables, whatever they may be, that are in season.

But the particular is in the boiling, which must be done with art and skill, so that all shall be mellow and mixed in delicious soft confusion and savory consistence.

Such was Lady Horne's broth, you may be sure, made with the fresh vegetables out of the garden, thick and tender and well-boiled,—a dish for a king.

If you had seen Sandy's plateful, you would have mistrusted the delightful irony of the proverb of "most meat" to be given to the ass that supped the most broth. But Sandy's appetite was generous, and it was little wonder that he was startled to see how far the favoritism extended to Grizzy had gone.

Grizzy was the eldest girl, and sat next to her mother. She was fourteen, which seemed maturity to seven, and more than about that the sheep's head which had been put on the board when the great tureen of broth, nearly exhausted, was taken away, had already vanished among the servitors.

Instead of expressing either surprise or displeasure, Lady Horne only laughed at her little son's complaint.

"You should sup your broth quicker, Master Sandy," said the serving-man behind his chair, who endeared himself to Sandy, but did not think it disrespectful to take his part in the conversation. "Mistress Grizzy is my the pleasant," he added, sententiously, "both for meat and wark."

There was joy of them about the table, and it was a little hard upon all those children, with their crushed appetites, that Grizzy should be so "gay" in this matter the most right, lively, superior, as the reader will believe. They all looked up at lovely spoke, even Patrick, who was next to Grizzy, feeling a slight resentment.

"My dearie," said Lady Horne to her, "there is plenty for everybody, and you must finish it [illegible] to be sure you've [illegible] to do so many [illegible] upon their table. You will be saying the mind of my word day or other—that I am taking more than my share."

"Lang may she live, and merrily may she eat," said Tammas, the serving-man.

This little story took place in the vale of Redhaven in one of the years preceding the Revolution of 1688. It was an old house that, with thick walls and deeply-recessed windows, and the room in which the family dinner was going on.

Then the empty chair was to the family a more than usually melancholy sign of the absence of the father.

The children were indeed too young to understand all that was meant by that vacant place; but the old servants and the family friends, many of whom were involved in the same troubles, were much affected by the sight, and as to the family herself, it would be difficult to describe what her feelings were as she passed her mother's empty place, or looked down the long table between the ranks of her children, to where his face had so often smiled back upon her.

Whatever his reputation might be out of doors, he was the kindest of husbands and fathers at home.

"Now you will be gone to your plays," she said, when dinner was over, "but come not back, laddie, with rents in your breeks, and the rent your doublet that must last all the winter; and, Margaret, yo will see that Julian does not lose her time—for her father, God bless him, will miss her upon the spinnet if she let herself forget. And take you the wee one with you, for the boys are too strong for him. Sir Grizel will do her pooling with me."

"And me too," said Julian, who, notwithstanding her mamma's name (pronounced Juliana), was a girl, and the musician of the family. "Let me stay too; I would rather read with you than play tunes."

"No, no, my bonnie Mistress Julian," said old Margaret, who had dined at the table between two of her charges, and who was the second of authorities in the Redwath children. "You [illegible] to the Tolbooth when he comes back, and you may thee be! to have to send the wandering Willie as often as he wants a tune."

"Me too, me too," said little Sandy, the youngest, holding out his little fat hands.

It was he who was the least sorry to move, but as much the weight of Margaret's authority, and the blandishments of Julian, had their effect upon the little rebel, and darkness was this shy of questions, all excepting Tammas, who went about in his homely blue livery with lantern, and all that pertained duty and concerned performance of every possible, which drove almost to desperation impatient people who have something to say to each other.

Perhaps it is a darling consolation to the idle that there is something to see which depends on the servant to carry delays.

But neither Grizzy nor her mother betrayed any desire to get out of bed. Sometimes when by luck we turned they would exchange a look, but not a word was said. At length he carried a large load of plates and dishes out of the room, and left the sisters and her child at Sandy.

"O mother!" said the little girl, "did you hear what Sandy said? They will call me cruelly Grizzy from this day."

"Never mind what they may call you, my lassie; they will know better when they grow older and hear what Grizzy has done. Come, Grizzy, come up!" the lady continued, "for I will think what Sandy says is true, and you're gaeing with too much colour. Here, take this yarn and carry it to Jenny in her chamber. It's for the boy's stockings, and much need of them. Brush out your apron, and take care most of the beads fall."

A keen observer would have remarked that the dark woollen yarn which the lady gave to the child's lap would not be nearly enough to warrant Grizzy's errand, and the appearance of weight in what she carried.

But Tammas, coming and going at his varied away the dishes, paid no particular attention, and the little girl went upstairs up the spiral stone staircase, and through her mother's bedchamber into a little room called a closet in those days, in the turret, which in Roman Catholic times would have been the lady's oratory. It was so now, though that room would have been let alone to the children of the Reformation.

A small but heavy table, with a stool on each side, and a large Bible at the other, occupied the chief place, with a lovely, aghast, high-backed chair and stool, both covered with pink but faded velvet.

It was lighted by two narrow windows in the round wall, looking in different directions, at which the mother had watched many a day for the glimpse of the returning to the distant road, or the cloud of dust which betrayed the marching of a troop.

Grizzy carefully closed the door with the weight of her small person, not then, but not till then, threw off the shoes of wood, and disclosed her real height, which was nothing less than the sheep's head intended by Sandy, which she had secretly placed on a wooden trencher on her leg, and covered with her napkin while the others were eating.

This she deposited with a weighed load of stockings and shoes in the place it is a broken that about many in a corner, in which already many lined and other had been placed, with the utmost neatness without observation. Hide the cracked mind.

Then you a little farmer in Grizzy's hands, though her face was bright with pleasure and excitement. It was the first time that she had ventured this measure, and though she had accomplished it with a child's cunning, her nature felt the theft afterwards.

Besides, this was not the beginning of an undertaking in which Grizzy looked forward with a temperamental nerve, which her high courage could overcome, but would not subdue. Now gave the thought of it hopefully and of her mind was a disconsolation not to concern herself before the Bible, which was worthy of a philosopher.

"It will be time enough when it comes," she said to herself, "and I will not let anyone be afraid of me."

Grizzy was only fourteen, but she had already many experiences of danger and terror. A little flight, perhaps, of the White mare to the house before the Revolution, was accompanied with many

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things in life such as now and another would shock from now-a-days. She had seen the fairies struggling home from a lot [illegible]. She had stood by, trembling, while party after party of rude troopers, respecting neither age nor sex, had searched the house and examined the servants as to what they knew of their master.

She, who was adaptable in the continuance of her powers, had lived and learned like a grown woman on the watch for every mind, while she knew her father to be wandering about the country in disguise, or hidden in some place where her night fall or hardship betray him to any servants.

Such experiences as these develop the mind, and Grizel felt all the resources of a conspirator in her fugitive state, though she learned a little and as ever was learn. A month or little time before, when she was not more than twelve, a very great call had been made upon her faculties. There had been need to send a message to one of the prisoners in Edinburgh, one of the last who "suffered" under duress, for conscience and Scott's sake. It was Lady Polwarth herself who had suggested her little friend for the mission.

"You is as safe as any of you men, and she is a child and more subject. Why, would mobile was not, not as you mentioned in person, was the question.

Lady Polwarth pronounced "case" like "case," and meant something differed from the ordinary meaning of the word. It is still so used in Scotland, and signifies occasion, capable, understanding.

And there could be no doubt Grizel was case. Not had so one with her brown hair curling under her mob cap, in the coarse stuff frock of a shepherd's daughter, and slipped through all the surrounding Whigs about the country who wrought their pleasure upon the poor Whigs, and called on every member to take the oath, and to renounce the Covenant, but yet were not hard-hearted enough to subject a child going upon her simple way, "on a message," as she said.

Grizel had seen bloodshed and misery. She had seen houses burning and orphans weeping, and she came to the Edinburgh street gathering beneath the Cross market-stretches in the terrible hour that arises in times of blood, sometimes in a most hollowest hour of manifesting care and sympathy, to see the victims arrested.

She had either her way through those ranks, [illegible] to the very prison itself, where a young man lamented "the sin involved along" who could listen silently, and give her no word to her message.

That was an important errand to be forgotten. It was for Scotland's sake, and for the sake of her children, that Grizel felt herself to be acting—the political side of the question did not trouble her. William of Orange made distinctions from Tweedy and the Maas, and freedom for the Scots to worship God in their own fashion. It meant also deliverance for her father—an, dying of tears—the end of anxiety.

For all these objects, pressed and pinch, Grizel was ready to give her fingers to the Hammerkins, or put her foot into the hole of torture. Her heart was free as a bird's, full full of self-devotion. But yet she trembled before the ordeal she would have to encounter tomorrow.

The winter afternoon went quickly over, and the night gathered in. It was still fully November, and the country was cold, but the nights were long. It was entirely polytime to sleep in her mother's room when Lady Polwarth was about, and so all the other children were put to bed, and the servants followed, without interference with Lady Marion Grant, whom the Lady spoke, and therefore thought.

"Child, we're young to go to so late at night, though she has a great spirit, mother. I wondered [illegible] a little the [illegible] before her time," the old woman said, who had been Lady Polwarth's nurse, [illegible] and was privileged to speak her mind.

"O Maggie," said the lady, "many word you say to every, but I am less like the spaniel on the hearth-rug without my good man—and my dearer to me the oftener I have. I can say anything to me."

"Ah, so, so, Lady!" said the old woman, "I make no doubt of that. Not I was thinking of the hours," and she wept away sharply for her child, which, since her 5th home after Margaret died quite, leaved her mother with tears in her eyes.

"O my Grizel!" said Lady Polwarth, "you are the very comfort of my heart, but what if I am sending you where your strength is more than your?"

"She is like as all her ever was her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. D. W. Hopkins.

In Every Chapter.—Chapter II.

The shadow had ceased to sound on the stone stairs; there were no crunching footsteps on battered floors. Mother and daughter stood down one over the other in the little door at the foot of the tower. The night air blew in their faces with a cold dampness and freshness.

Grizel stooped for a moment and put on her shoes, then with a wave of her hand sped away into the darkness and silence of the night.

How dark it was! Till her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom it seemed to Grizel as if a wall of blackness, opaque and solid as the walls of the house, was before her. But after a minute there was a gradual clearing of the dim space about her, and she began to perceive a lighter line between the ghosts of the trees which bordered the avenue.

Her heart was beating wildly in her breast. It had come at last—this time of trial. The resolution was so high in her that she did not fall any pale when she stumbled against the great knobbed stem of the big ash tree, though the shock brought a cry, unpremeditated as answer, to her lips.

Whatever happened she knew she must not utter a sound which could betray her presence in such a place, at such an hour. In consequence might heavy eye to our open; and though the whole world about, earth and sky, seemed wrapped in blackness and silence, there is always enough left in the hearts of those who know that a precious life hangs upon their prudence.

She sped along under the tree without a pause or a sound, her feet now and then striking in the fallen leaves, now stumbling over an inequality of the path.

Outside the gate were long stretch of the high road, unbordered by any such protection as the tree; a long list of road with ragged, broken hedgerows on either side, leading to the village with its little church-yard and cluster of roofs.

The church stood at the nearest end, but still quite a long way, half a mile or more, from Kirktown. The building was low and old, with a lowness, small tower showing out a little way above the village roofs, and the graveyard round it was full of those knobbing tablets, many of them sculptured, by our show, which are the most pathetic of all tokens of buried humanity. Even the moment when Grizel emerged noiselessly, a little shadow in the darkness, out of the gate, her uneasy eyes were fixed upon the spot where the churchyard lay.

In those days there were very few people so enlightened as not to believe in ghosts, and of all things sleeping and terrible there was none more than the churchyard at night. A man who would have faced his enemy without hesitation and never quailed before any real danger, would pass that spot with a pale face and trembling knees. Tales of appearances of corpse-candles, of a thousand devilish apparitions, circulated the country side, and children in their cradles were subdued into quiet by stories of terrible things in shrouds, and awful meetings that were held at midnight in those cities of the dead.

Grizel, though she was so brave, had been brought up the same children of the time. Though she found nothing in daylight, the dark was full of terrors for her little imagination. Her heart had been and more wildly as she approached that spot where all lay so still, hidden in the mystery of the grass. How was she to do it? The little cradled sister her, her lonely pained with thickness and terror. In all the world there seemed nothing living, nothing but beasts; the sweet waking living, shaking out beauty; the very stars were dead or hidden in the low-lying blackness of our clouds.

When she came to the wall of the churchyard, her knees had grown from her. She paused for an instant, resolute with such dry tongue to the lips that as she had stood fold in her lip to keep her feet, and with hands upon the parapet and curved her face with her hands.

"Oh, take care of me!" she said to her patron. "Oh, take care of me!"

While she thus knelt terror little sound seemed to wake and rang about her and fill her ears with horrid sounds to which the silence gave importance, small things among the grass jars to the Indiantown, the crackle of a broken twig, the movement of a field-mouse in a wayside in the ditch. If but a bird had stirred under the dark cones of the little church, it would have suddenly brought to herself by a sound which burst into the air all in a moment; a sound which made her almost drop the basket to which she had clung with the rigidity of death dust, and Grizel and her stifled breath in a cry which was unmistakable.

It was not a sound of terror, however, but of good cheer; the ringing clangor of a dog's bark, or the faint chatter, small that filled the wounded air.

"Father!" she said, and then everything stirred and moved across the graveyard in the corner, and in another moment she felt the warm moist lips of a horse caressing.

"My Grizzy!" the man spoke with capacity and suffering, and though he would bear risks of all kinds himself, it was almost more than he could bear to think what she was into exposure had undergone. But Grizel was not at all the frown; her heart spring up in wild delight and the intense relief which is like joy.

"Work OF! I knew hadn't the door," she said, in a voice which was like the song of a bird. "O father, but I am glad, glad! hope is your mind and a light, but wait wait to know you and oh, did you think I would have to leave?"

"My darling!" said Sir Patrick, "the right of it is that I cannot see you in the life to the dead. Hold close to me, Grizzy, and I will lead you out to my own place, which is not just as well lifted," he said, with a false laugh, "as the outer chamber here."

"We'll light the light, father," said Grizel, tightening her hold upon his arm.

"If you think it's safe," said Sir Patrick. "Faith, late would I see your face, my bonnie little woman. But what ails all the days give taken like you? It set my heart beating for fear the tyrant's minions might have gotten my lass."

"I will tell you after," said Grizel, with a sigh. "It is quite safe, and there is no one stirring but ourselves—nobody in all the world but you. Oh, but it is precious, father. Know, and the dark, and the a sound, except Hilary that sounded like the bell ringing in dark graves."

"If the lad were in the graves to-day," said Sir Patrick, "what my Grizzy knows better. The blessed be Heaven they not come a glimpse by name just to lay than the cold purpose is all out, where they can feel it quiet, and we have nothing to do with the other kind."

"Ah! but, father, there must be the same kind in the kirkyard as well as the saints of God; and it's there I am afraid for, when there is nobody with me"——

"And what may that be? I never knew any thing to say when child of grandfather was left with nobody with me. Up with yourself, lassie, for forgetting (lo)!"

"O, daddy!" Grizzy said, "I do not feel that. Come and light the lamp and I'll tell you. The dream,—it was all my doings. I was so frightened; and I just ran, oh, very run of me! before I opened the gate. In God ever a's kind, father, which I know are young and very silly? For He just made the dogs bark to keep us my home."

Sir Patrick was too much moved to speak. He turned himself about the light, which it was so rare a luxury to kindle, and thought it was only a little home-made candle when all was done. It was a short pounded chamber from the right of the tower, with the small feature of windows to admit through which, in the day, a struggling ray of daylight came.

The place in which they were was a smaller chamber under the church vault, with no door but only a wide opening between. It was the vault in which the Bishop of past generations lay. The walls were partly of rough stones and partly of earth, with large stepping of wood along which there was plastering that of dusty and crumbled more implement of the other things that harmed them. In one corner lay a heap of straw, with some blankets and a little shed, in which the pilgrim wrapped himself at night.

But it was too cold below ground, in this refuge of peace where no winds blew. The time opened they admitted something like air and light, was close to the steps of the church porch, and Grizel remembered to have put her small feet into it among the high grass that grew around the tablet.

When, however, the little light brought the scene into evidence, the child had no eyes for anything but her father, who, pale and pained, with a touch of many days' growth, and a hollowness and darkened eyes his cousin, looked as ghostly a figure as might be, and would have awakened well enough for the ghost of one of his own ancestors and for less very.

He, for his part, could not see enough of the little determinant, which already in the manner of

Allison C. Sweetser Sept 84

[illegible] and the relief of having accomplished her object, had recorded other and [illegible].

Grandy, however, was not the rather [illegible] questions, and having [illegible] of herself [illegible] of which [illegible] to see her [illegible] and spread the whole [illegible] and make very [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible].

"Now, Grandy, old!" she cried, "and I will tell you how you come by the sheep's head; for [illegible] you had done quite." It really [illegible] "What is the Irish meaning of a sheep's head?" And oh, if you had seen Grandy while the tears were [illegible] looking round and round the table [illegible] at last he says, 'Mother, little [illegible] the sheep's head!'"

Grandy's speech had not amused Grizzy at the time. She had felt keenly the mercury [illegible] of friendly Grizzy, which was instantly [illegible] upon him; but as she told the story, and saw [illegible] the low father's amusement, Grizzy's face of distress, the jovial laugh which followed into the [illegible] tears, for little Grandy Polvarth's arms at the little burnt-dog, all breathless and helpless, her eyes shining, and her cheeks blooming with excitement and happiness, though her pretty curls were all damp with the wintry dew. The mother had risen and gave a chosen chuse to the door, [illegible] and breathing through the sleepless night.

* Those who have read the Wonder Stories will not need any explanation of the Sweet Girl of a sheep (shaped) Grandy's head.

(To be continued.)

WE LINGERED LONG.

We lingered long at that cold prison side,
And back to the world sped the fearful tidings
Of a young life shut behind its iron grings,
Just labored breath, by hunger's drop of mercy.
A drop of pity.

And most that should be the sin, if the throng
Turned Christ's heart a pitying chase,
When the prisoners died near the prison walls that
Was not to a court, but we knew not.
We cannot tell.

For the Companion.

OTHO.

Otho was in a bad situation. True, Otho was not a dog, as shaggy, with white forepaw tan, his sharp eyes nearly hidden in curly hair, and his tail so curled and so covered with long hair as to be almost out of sight.

Born far west, in the North, amidst the furs and ice of Labrador, he had first escaped northward in a "sealer," then travelled eastward in his [illegible] to Kansas in the company of a wonderful [illegible] "The world is round, dear, round and round," he used to say, with a little sigh, and as they sat [illegible] "operation," his voice at times [illegible] attention.

Yet, lost, in the shape of a [illegible] shoe-button, had fallen heavily upon Otho, and broken one of his legs. They had [illegible] that the [illegible] would be equal to any [illegible] of the dog as a [illegible] performer, had quietly opened a back window and dropped Otho outside the world, to get a living on three legs, or to die, according to his luck or his pluck.

And so Otho is disposed. Thus the white, curly and ill-used Otho found himself a tramp, and probably a cripple for life in a back lane of Omaha, Kansas. It was a black day in Otho's history to make Otho life.

Turned crippled, he dragged his painful body down the lane and put to a corner of Hermann street.

"O papa! papa! Do'y tee 'a pity dy white doggie? Poo' dy fatee, he isn't?" "Yes, papa, 'ee 'a' be the poo' little!"

It was Maude,—little three-year-old Maude Whitemide, entering hands her father on the way of their wagon; Mr. John Whitemide, a great, plain, kind-hearted young farmer, and Maude, his little daughter and pet. They had driven into town from their farm that afternoon.

They had stopped the wagon to praise Maude, and that the new hind heart gave a third to child of your Otho's condition.

"Pa, 'ee's so very lib'l lame," pleaded Maude; and John, after some little hesitation, put Otho in the wagon at Maude's backbone [illegible]

With Maude's animal pleasure at being [illegible] pulled in course as [illegible] Otho's when, early [illegible] of Julie, and by Maude's loving kindness for [illegible] the little one [illegible] "Ee by was [illegible] yet and "ee's [illegible] ee" by John, and in a [illegible] he was feeling at it, and had [illegible] [illegible] couple and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] John.

[illegible] Otho. Of course he [illegible] but he [illegible] [illegible] Maude [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. O. W. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

"And was he wae and weary, and was he cold and hungry, and did he beat his breast, and did you make him take some wine? And, O Grizzy! Is it so serious place? and how does your father bear himself, and what does he say?" Lady Polwarth cried, as she hastily undressed the child and popped her for bed. "My darlin', just one word, and then you must go to sleep."

"He sae fit mood and he doonit his wheel and he took you his heart's love; and I'm to kiss them a' and say below my breath, 'That's from your daddie.' And you must give finely the largest portion of the next sheep's head. And, O mother! give me a kiss, for I'm sleepy, sleepy, and warm to your bed."

"Oh, my bonnie Grizzy, and oh, my good man!" cried the poor lady.

Perhaps it was she, watching and waiting, and obliged to call her child and, in imagination, to hear all her husband's sufferings divided, who had the hardest lot.

She lay awake with the sole in her heart, partly satisfied, looking her little daughter in her arms and admiring the soft, regular breathing, the sweet sleep that in two or three minutes wrapped the child. The little brother slept with the wolfs still on her woven bench; and Sir Patrick, wrapped in his cloak, slept too, in the darkness under—gloomy, tragedy safety as himself, with the [illegible] of his wife, at the bottom of her children, as he composed himself upon his straw.

But Lady Polwarth lay and watched the slow wintry dawn creeping into the room, and was up betimes to set a good example, telling no indulgence, though all the household observed how pale she was, and her eyes heavy, as one who has not slept.

Old Margaret, coming into the room to assist in her toilet, as she had done from her childhood, made her lady a little sermon, making her reasonable bend.

"Oh, my lady, ye must trust to the Lord," she said, "that can keep them safe that call upon Him, wherever they are, if it be in the bowels of the earth, or on the roaring ocean, or in foreign parts, howsoever far they be"—for it was the belief of the servants that Sir Patrick was in safety by this time in Holland, or at sea.

"I try to mind that, Margaret," said the lady, glad perhaps of the excuse to stand a few hours without consciousness; "but, oh, he will a sore heart. I will not have it before the bairns, but I need not hide it from you."

"Na, that would be unwise indeed. If ye were to hide it from me. Great, my bonnie lady, great!" said the old woman. "It will wear your heart; and eyne take to your bairns again, as we a' must do. Hush the bairn, hush the sheepie! Look at the innocent thing, without a care," said Margaret. "Mind I wakin, my, the darlin'! There scarcely the heart to do it."

"Let her be," said the mother. "She was kept awake with my nonsense for me in the night."

Margaret shook her head once more and said, "My lady, that should not be," and Lady Hyndie [illegible] at a sort of indirect blame in the sense of pride in her mind, because of the false mortifications her words had conveyed.

The consequence was that Grizzy slept till the hearty sun was high in the sky, and woke with such a sense of pride at a much greater allowance than usually being given to her. In such a household, the "lie long in the morning" was a sign of dignity, and the child felt penetrated by the idea that she received such an indulgence. But she was ready to cry when she discovered how late it was.

"Am I such a shameful thing that I must sleep in the day because I have something to do at night?" she asked her mother, with her indignation. And, indeed, poor Grizzy suffered for the indulgence of her mother's fears, and had early a [illegible] and Polly and Jeffrey.

"I wish I were the eldest, and sleepit with my mamie, and could lie my pel as long as I liket," the children said, which took sadly away from any sense of satisfaction in Grizzy's mind, and dispelled what honoured pride she might have had in her own achievement.

Keen eyes were upon her at dinner, where she sat close to a [illegible], which, in the course of instruction Lady Hyndie thought necessary for her, her mind about the dogs and their barking. He says it will cause the countryside."

"Oh, my doggies!" cried Grizzy. She felt in her heart what would have to be—and yet they were her friends and confidants!

"But they are aye barking," she said, "and what for should the folk hiter any mairn?" She knew that Janie was in the secret, the only man

"It's the minister's little dog," she said; "the bonnie little one with the long hair, and Effie is what they call him. He's the shamed little dogie in a' the parish, and weight not leave a fly. O Janie!" said the little girl, "we shall get poisoning. Ye shall send him, for that can be intended, lest killing cannot be avoided"——

"Me steal him!" cried Janie—he was sincerely offended with his little lady. "I wouldna steal the value of a bodle," so to have my ee—

"If ye gave him poison, what would that be—but to steal him? and occur to side to bring him back? Ye will just harrow him, Janie," said the little lady, impatiently.

Her mother was confused, too, with this sudden emotion. The idea seemed quite natural to the primitive mind, and to kill your enemies is always comprehensible, but to steal a dog! At last Janie smote his hand upon his thigh.

"I'll do it!" he said; "he's nothing but an indulged soldier, neither fish nor flesh; just a mouth dogie himself, that cannot bark. The little one is swear guile for the life of him. It's a grand deed, and I have one scheme that will just satisfy and rest, as you say, my sae bonny, when the danger's o'er, we can—hey!—give him back. He'll be far happier with me in the woods," Janie added, "than in that his little pastie at the manse." It is always easy to justify a step we are going to take.

Grizzy mixed the dogs hastily. His mother almost came back to her as she stole through the unknown silence with no honest wakefulness making to lend a sound of cheer into the air.

But then God sent it into the heart of a woman, reflectional, that had his part in one of the neighbouring trees, to stir in his sleep, and look out to see if it was day or night, and twitter cheerily to his wife that all was dark, and no one dreamed of getting up for hours to come. Robin chirped and roused nobody, but with his little kindly voice set Grizzy thinking where his mamie was and how kindly was the sleepie.

It was he that covered the babes with leaves; "and the angels will have told him that I was friendly," Grizzy said to herself. There was always some little rational brother to clear her just as she got to that place.

But greater danger was to come. The village got up a tale about the dogs barking, Hamel; it had lasted only for three or four nights. And it got to be believed that the black cat about,—through nobody knew where,—and came back to the castle at night, in a some other frayed gentleman.

The people were all sympathetic with their landlord and would rather have untrained him; but gossip is irrepressible, and the whisper that floated about in the air, came at last to the ears of the gentleman in the nearest town, and was conveyed to their colonel, who sent a band of troopers to search, if they should, on suspicion, a rebel, upon whom land's price was set.

They set out privately by night, calculating upon the time the dogs had barked, to be on Polwarth Church, and lay hands upon him suddenly. And when [illegible] Grizzy, on some scope for her pursuers, it was a moonlight night, and all the road lay clear in the white brightness, without a shadow to conceal her—or them.

She was on the high road, that naked path, without any shelter, when she first got wise of alarm. Was it, one wondered, because little Grizzy was unlike to all living things that she does not shoot or wandering from them? It was the sudden whisper of a house that roused her attention now.

Unspoken merrily had made her whose dog-friend. In all her musings and prayers she had remembered nobody, and though the bright moonlight had given her a little apprehension, it was so cheery and sweet that Grizzy's courage had risen with it, and she had scarcely paused to remember the road before coming upon it.

The sound of the horse startled her beyond measure, but perhaps after all it might only be some usual thing that had strayed out of a neighbouring field, or the minister's old mare like a white phantom in the moonlight, which she had seen many curious and troubled at.

* Bodle, a small coin.

* Lage, sent.

Milton F. Stradley sc. Sc. 84

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Hightower.

In Four Chapters.—Chapter IV.

Grisel's heart had leaped into her mouth, when the sexton, like a vision of avenging light, sweeping out the six, and then it sank beside the very stone as the glittering blade was thrust towards the thatched roof beneath which stretched Hamilton's one hearth.

But she was too low down to be within reach of the sun; that the soldier sentinel would not venture, lonely, stern as a lion-cub then as a panthess.

After a moment he put up his sword with an exclamation, "Curse a' cats," and proceeded slowly to the way, the sound of his horse's hoofs going through and through the long, dim Grel as she lay motionless in an agony of terror and indignation.

She was afraid, however, until these sounds had died away, and yet it was all she could do to remain herself, as down the passage with which the young lessons was leaning. The instinct sprang out of great to [illegible] to which her father is her [illegible] the public breakfast.

To drag herself out was more in fresh than it had been in the strong excitement of the moment to walk that thirty. If her she trampled at last, with all her power trembling and her nerves unstrung, with fancies that terrified under her and a heavy burden which she could scarcely carry, her spirit had almost gone away.

Yet had Grisel given way, what would have happened? Perhaps the discovery of her father's hiding-place, which would have cost him his life; perhaps the sacrifice of her own, nearly, at the present time, was so full of vital and important, influences to both her parents.

At length of that she took a little courage and drew herself together. She was hers and blood. She felt her working for the Covenanting cause, which should be hers, and that alone, withdrawing steps of the trooper following the conspiracies, which seemed like a knell in her ears.

She did not even dare to make a rush along the road when at last she got free. But trust strangler or sentinel should catch sight of her, but crept along in the ditch, stumbling as well as she could her little sleeping form, feet almost dazzle, with the shortness under the broken and irregular hedge.

When, however, she escaped from the difficult moonlight and found herself safe in the shadow of the kirk, the old dear, for her naturally timid for the ground. She was on tender ground of wandering over the graves, but knew her way among them and thanked God the moonlit with a fervent heart, for her hand of safe asylum above trooper dwellers in the dead, who were her father's fellow-guest and protectors.

He never had suspected was the that she had carried out should upon his door of the room, and behind it carefully, before Sir Patrick, startled as he had by the unusual sounds which had roused him to his amusement, and by the things which Grisel bore out of the cell to shelf day. Journal of during her short life and careful thinking, Grisel dropped into his arms half-fainting and found him outside quite.

"Oh, the trooper! the trooper!" was all that she could say.

"Tout, tout, what a man! I thought I could see he sensible," sire Patrick said. "My lassie, have the horse turned yet. My horse, speak to me!" Oh, the thousands that war upon woman! But if we, we, the children shall feel a father's hand ere they cut down Patrick Hamilton! The curse of God!—

"O father, whisht!" said Grisel. "It isn't not hurt; I am my friends. Oh, there was one that took out from his side a flame of fire and stuck it into the broken—and he lying helpless! Lettie was just awakened and rode by. They're gone to hurry the Sessions and what will my mistress do and me away?"

It was not a moment in which to remark Grisel's confidence in her own power to face the situation, nor was there any cruelty in this confidence, for the child had seen her mother's right hand all out. Sir Patrick held her in his arms, and kissed and soothed her, fortunately unconscious in the darkness of the pilgrim to which she was covered with scratches which were as wounds on the child's soft hands and face.

Grisel herself was too much startled and vividly aching to be conscious of anything more than a quivering and alleging, which were as nothing to the tension and passion in her mind. And she was quite so herself with characteristic sense and promptitude.

"You must have your supper, father," she said, "it is all ready, but we will not light the light, for there might be somebody watching. Oh, if you had seen that sword! It was like the archangel in the picture in the big Bible that you used to let me see on the Sabbath at eve!"—

"Whisht! I never chose it to say father on a Sabbath evening again!" said the father, with a sigh. "But never see the mark's flaming sword, my bairn! Inside that weapon of blood that one of the tyrant's minions drawn from his side. I was the angel sent here from Him with his shield to cover my brave father."

"Oh was that big Vane, that lovely old chevalier Gordiner, with all the lace upon it," said Grisel, with a laugh. "The great white angel would have been the guard for Dalziel's, but the dashing old [illegible] would be God's too. Eh, and he'll take care of my mistress and the children, though perhaps and you are away. Daddy, do you think he'll keep up the hour?"

"This I'm sure he will—being that you're so good to it," said Sir Patrick.

Grisel was moving about in the dark, drawing his meal for him as best she could, while the sat of the pale ray of the moon which came in, broken by the tall weeds and grasses at the little opening in the roof.

"Here's your supper," she said, "and what shall I do? I shall have to bide with you all the night, for if I were to go home, I should fall into their hands; and then they would find the Hills' hole that is so sure."

"It will be long before they will think of coming hire," said Sir Patrick; "the like of them are not wont to the company of the dead. You must stay in her bloomers and trust, would be more than words are equal to."

But he, too, fell asleep after supper, as the gloom of midnight fallen off the wall and the blackness of the whole night filled the cell. It was still all dark, when Grisel woke, and with the instinctive horror and fear sprang up to the consciousness of where she was, and how all this had come about.

It was characteristic that her first thought when she fully realized the circumstances was the peril with which she had gone to sleep. She figured to herself all the incidents of the midnight raid upon Redhouse: the waking of the sleepers, the terror, perturbation, of the children, her mother's distraction and alarm—"and we are away!" Grisel's lively imagination followed every detail of the scene, in some of which she had indeed already been a witness—until her mind became more and more wildly with the rising tide of anxiety.

Time then came crawls through the darkness on which Sir Patrick slept, stirred and woke, and the two turned frightened, not remaining to look, while the sound of the trooper [illegible] to show she was the [illegible] strong affinity, as if a [illegible] from [illegible].

They were days for some time in valuable purpose, hearing those outside who about in the neighborhood, now from one place, now from another. Neither spoke, but Sir Patrick for Grisel's small hands clasp his with a part of shrink upon to the joy with which she would have followed her brother had she dared to utter a word.

"The one searching the news," he said to her ear.

Patrick was but a short refuge, for it was the darkness—the little circle of the road parish. The father and daughter sat there together motionless, save for that involuntary shiver and whisper, listening, scarcely venturing to breathe.

To Sir Patrick it was no such extraordinary idea as he brought to say, and finally, to stand for his life, willing it dearly if need was; but the child!

Grisel, for her part, had no consciousness of herself; her little brain was throbbing with pleas for him. She turned over a hundred devices in her breathless thoughts.

The door of the vault was strong. Some time might elapse before it would be found; and the planted hole, at the last moment, when there was no time to consider how only to [illegible] and coffin which she had shuddered at but—a [illegible] without all those grim accessories to rest, could he [illegible] safe and her father [illegible] to this beneath it. Oh yes, he should be found! she doubt he; she would, compromise him with her presence, she would have time to think.

For Scotland's sake and our lives!—and then for the mother and the children. The day drew to her mind all she would say to him, that imagined herself starting with her hand back, to meet the troopers, and already pressed to feel the rope with which they would tie her wrists, and the cold air on her face as she was carried hopless before some trooper to prison. To prison—that was where they would carry her—and what then? And not carry a solid gray stone!

All this ran through her mind, and was, as to speak, all crowded in her quick, childish imagination in a few moments, but that we have taken to tell it—and so preoccupied was she, that she was entirely unconscious of the gradual coming of the sunrise that had broken her rest.

But father, still scarcely venturing to speak, the darkness—the little circle of the road parish. The father and daughter sat there together motionless, save for that involuntary shiver and whisper, listening, scarcely venturing to breathe.

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But father, still scarcely venturing to speak,

* Pay—a good (low) entertainment.

gave her an emphatic pinch to call her attention to it.

"Are they alive, children?"

"I don't know what we had gone in for the first dolls to be terrible dolls which between the imaginations of a child — and the few pennies was worse of disappointing. But once came the exhilarating thoughts of her mother, and certain distinctly as to dispatch of the present arrangements, which she should not failing be more to take care of him, made for jobs, which a few minutes in her fairly wonderfully.

By this time a certain hour gave rise to begin to stand through the opening in the wall. There was never anything that could be called curiosity in the world, yet there was sufficient curiosity in the atmosphere to show that it was dull. And so the gaiety of the little girl, and the weakness that time come with morning, the last noted of the occupant' hours that kept the air.

For all danger was not over with this great one, for though the children were gone, the relaxed was all away and earlier, for it seemed as much a work of difficulty for Ireland to get home unknown, as to escape the troopers in the night.

Fortunately, however, the Patrick did not think of this danger, and it was not for the girls one who time and merely sooner for dared and dazzled with the light, outside the faint among the tall grass and seeing that she perceived how impossible it was to walk home along the highroad, or to be seen upon walking up the avenue, in the full sunshine with her tattered cloak and scratched face and feet.

That perhaps was the most little moment of all; for certain was wrong and wickedness and forgiveness, for remembrance, which she had not left in her excitement, but for as the hour she spoke, and the children, her faces were well and wished, and she answered with surprise only and astonishment.

Who was that? The minister leaning over his garden-wall discussing with two or three men the events of the night. Actual thought they looked towards her to through they had heard some sound from the room, which indeed was a difference of her accuracy, but could not be impossibility of going home the strength was very evident to her.

The minister crossed the old had crept round to the other side of the field, and yet he talk between them and her. Then she another way round to Ballymore, merely forgot, and breathing some note to check and discussion passages which helped to her present condition had little strength left.

Fortunately, however, that she reached the protective hand of her cloak, as she went along. It was not a road at all, but a wide path skirting the fields, and she had to pick her way carefully by the heavy corners, and almost each step, partly by a bit of newly ploughed land, soft and damp with the melting of the frost.

Time her heart stopped into her mouth again, as she came suddenly upon a woman leaning on her gown to the field, who looked at her disappointing along with simple pity, without an idea that this time, one character to her usually clean with the hood pulled over her head, could be the little lady from the Castle.

"Eh, ye'll have sorrowed for," said the kindly spectator.

Grace, always brave, tried to laugh as she said, "I hoped," in the dark time.

"But ye mean have started before the day is gone to be a girl," said the woman. "Poor lad thing, for that generally stand upon your feet. Come in, and an ye like, and I will give ye a glass, for you's my home."

Being blind the cottage well, and dared not pass any civil, worry to the wind.

"I must go," she said. "But I am carrying a message to the castle, and my mother feels we are to be a servant."

"I dunna your mother's but a hard woman to send a man young like you on for a girl," said the woman, with the news, giving the girl a curious look and made Grace tremble.

"Do not speak disrespectfully before she realized the little plan for the wind, from a course of rough tones on dark way to a hard, who stopped her and understood where she was going.

"There are strange looks with the servants," said to those friends and the others all gathered round her holding out their hands.

"Who's most terrified," they said, "and ye will be you some."

"I would give you a stick," said Mrs. Grace, "if I had it—and that's what Jamie Wynne will see—and have to be coming."

What would have happened to her in the work-day and tumults of daylight, but for the Good-night of Jamie Wynne, who was left.

She drew the night with the message of the boys to get at her bedside and through her high, dark made her confusion. Some thought, if that a message on the mean of Wynne's mind. Jamie, indeed, heard the report as he mentioned.

"Why," she cried, "do ye not see what I mean?" in short, some of amazed and anger. "Ye's not a good, or a good," she added, hotly.

"Ye're terrible, sure enough, and everybody seem to know."

"Ye know whatever now home."

"Ye are, Miss Grace."

"Ye's a terrible boy, Jamie, and a good one, Jamie the same," then said among themselves.

Meanwhile, Grace cried some hours in distress, as Jamie Wynne took off her blue tassels to home of the little lady, as soon as the lady was out of sight.

"The lady has been pretty sick out of her mind yesterday, what had become of you, Mrs. Grace Grace—and where have ye been, my boy, tell, to be all unknown like this?"

"I have been to the wind—but I have been through," said Jamie, for heart being her skin distinct.

And if ever this laughed what a sense Old was, when with good care and protection Jamie immediately without betraying the secret, to struggle for by stairs to the mistake day light to her mother's chamber!

Do you think Meanwhile people not have known the child under and displeased? yet she was a wise old woman, determined to their times of trouble, and she knew better than to ask questions.

And when Lady Patricia slipped her child in her arms, what all her adventures, yet not any poor mind's meeting it was.

Jamie Wynne, who was his master's devoted friend, and that of all the household, had to looking to walk a measurement dighted as with both sorrow and joy.

"When your lady-lady can listen to me, I'm going to give ye my news. The man Grace had," he said, turning his big blue bewilder round and round in his hands.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

ENDURANCE.

The mountain stands through the heaven-frowns,
Its face of rock reveals the lines of time;
Yet on the strong is spent and the weak are dead
The sun and the rainbows will shed thy rays.

Thunders for ever, through storm and gold
And a thousand years greater day dell,
Its strong and patient, fade the of brief,
And God and Time stand beyond these all.

EMMA C. HOWE.

For the Companion.

MR. CRANE'S BAD LUCK.

"Here's one of those pretty ladies" post-Rhoda Mr' Bassom wrote to her take up the card.

"Let me see, ye," said Miss Sophronia Crane, taking it with great interest, for his post-office had been but lately removed to Mr. Crane's service, and probably written by others were a new and highly appreciated source of information to the young lady.

"You don't allowed by the law to read their cards, Phrony," said her father, gravely, as she unfold herself serenely over the dainty handwriting.

"I guess the law'll be none the wiser. "Hey, pay enough—can't go to the meetings"—it, pay for town where?"

"What?" Mr. Crane put on his spectacles.

"I'll read it. 'Dear Auntie,—Hoping you are well, I'm a dreadful fright about the girl, and can't get her to the meeting pleasure for three weeks. Think of trying to get it at Crane's?'—

"What's that?" said Mr. Crane.

"At Crane's?" Yes, 'ts, sure as you live! 'and we want you to come down there, too, and spend the time with us. Now don't disappoint us. We shall try to get there by next Wednesday or Thursday, and shall expect to find you.' Lane?"

"Wednesday or Thursday did not occur on Mrs. Bassom's card, but at the end of Miss Sophronia's reading of it.

"Well, if I ain't lost!" said Mr. Crane. "Ma, the cows here and are what's up?"

"Yes, sure. All the Bassoms is a-coming! have to stay—to see you—you, cows worse or so. And the two old Miss Pierces too!"

"Hope we boast! A pretty table'will be to place to put 'em all! We can't do it, so I set. Jerusalem!"

"Don't do it!" repeated Mr. Crane, in great confusion. "If you cows we're expect to come such a chance! Let's see: the judge and Mr. Bassom, mind's sure; and the two pale ladies grown up, may want to big enough by this time, of that is ground and know they was here that than days not appears, to meet as ground folks, there's sorry to see more and more, don't only rules for you and don't the stress. I don't see, for my part," mentioned Mr. Crane, pettishly, "why folks don't pay just the same for women. I'm sure they can be which as anybody. And they do not, not ladies way, I declare! It is be a close number of my goods, for the man they over for to will not eats and farmers, and things that hardly needs to eat. But of course they'll expect to be charged all the same."

"I'd take a lot of money to stand in my shoes ought," said Sophronia.

"And nobody asks of things's right to be give," said Mrs. Crane. "If not you, Sophia, we might to be thinkin' up a lot, which don't cost a lot of little amount."

"Don't lady, Mind," said Mr. Crane, rather his hair together. "If the folks come without given' notice of course they must take things as they find 'em."

"Yes, yes," said Sophronia. "If we all things have to wait on, can other folks wait, pray?"

"Don't ye," said Mr. Crane. "There's lots of company coming to nearly from the part of the country soon. Ye cannot why we shouldn't have an old woman." [illegible] story of you."

"I'd ought to get a new carpet for the best parlor," said Mrs. Crane, [illegible] things in the parlor."

"And I must have a new frock," said Sophronia, [illegible] enough time, but I can make it in two or three afternoons."

"It'll be useful that parlor to get things ready," said Mrs. Crane, who put on her spectacles and read Mr. Crane's card. "This is Monday, and was expecting the card. "This is Monday, and they're coming Wednesday or Thursday."

"I believe I'll get the spring wagon painted up," said Mr. Crane. "They're great folks to ride, and Mr. Crane. "They're great folks to ride, and they want a ride, 'cf I always charge 'em when they want a ride, 'cf I always charge 'em twenty pence. What you done, Phrony?"

"There's the tea-boy," she answered, interrupting—"There's the tea-boy," she answered, interrupting—"There's the tea-boy," as the lady rang the bell over of her mother's hand, as the lady who carried the mail over the country cross-roads was approaching. "I guess you this is for the Miss Pierces."

"Ain't you get an letter?" said Mr. Crane, slipping the card into a drawer. "Don't you see that letter the Bassoms comes and finds their folks when they'll come to see 'em right off, and she'll look they'll come to see 'em right off, and she'll look they'll come to see 'em right off, and she'll look

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Diplock.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

The result of Janie Wilson's separation was very exciting to the mother and daughter. Grisel spent many hours every day for some time afterwards, sometimes in Janie's company, sometimes alone, in a room downstairs which had been long unused, and which, for the last year, had been made into a kind of lumber room, or "nappery closet," of which Grisel had the charge and kept the key.

The only game of Janie's in it, except the chairs on which she been was arranged, was a leaf fixed into the wall, in a manner not unusual in Scotland, and closing up like a cupboard.

Grisel's devotion to her "nappery" was so almost as much remarked by the children as her great appetite, but they soon got used to the one as they had to the other, and laughed at Lolly Polwarth's talk about the danger of the keys without a mark, forgot that [illegible] was not to be allowed to alter Grisel's work; and old Margaret thought it very bad for the baby's sake, and shook her head and said that any unlucky event would make Grisel a wonder before her time.

"Stay lady to your spinnet, my bonnie dove," said Margaret; "it was a young lady better than to make herself into a nappery-cupboard."

But I feel sure that old Margaret knew little that this, and was in reality, when she refused to be blinding her mistress, doing the best she could to help her.

Grisel had never been to bedtime quite than she was to the room, but would make her appearance at breakfast and bedtime, but using up part down the stairs to the room in dinner, with a video like a book. It was said in the house that through Miss Janie Wilson had a more beautiful voice, it was this displeasure to hear Mistress Grisel sweet the house—"for it is just heart that sings," the servants said.

The end of this mystery came one evening about six o'clock, when the child wanted wine to bright, and the nights were darkest and longest, and all the mysteries of Samuelfield—supposed were wrapped in a white sheet or some [illegible] black in the pall upon a bier.

Grisel did not take the room, though it made her business and stayed down with pleasure. They never thought what a sad-looking it was, carrying her the lightest and smallest angel, so that she was forced to walk painfully in the corridors to round her slightly progress.

When the room came, down in New Year's Day, there was great lamentation in the house and village. Everything had been ready for a great evening party in the usual fashion, and the children delighted by the news; but Grisel and her mother treated at both alike in the sweet pleasure.

A dear, though the hands feels are cold of it, is at rare times. Instead of the cries which drove, to have a time of amusement to Grisel, which had been and, after, to school you stick to good order in the room's reading and every complaint in the part. Such slippery and every clock bell, and the way proceeding through every foot procedure, could to time dear dear Jane, how disappointed is he! But Grisel thought her hands safer when she stayed out in the party dancing, and was a happy chopping of girl and wild dump after dancing and dancing.

"We could pass the very troopers and they would never see us," she said.

"Oh, my Grisel, please God there will not be any troopers," said her mother.

Grisel left the early, as soon as the servants had gone to bed, without any basket and with a face glowing with happiness and delight. The servants were all hushed by this time, excepting one little one that remained. She had acquired a habit of sitting up her finger to the work with so great pleasure as if it had been an amusement—for such worlds are pleasure to remember.

To tell the truth, however, Grisel's fingers at that moment were not a very pretty sight. The nails were worn to the quick, and the little rose tips of the fingers were all marked and stained and penetrated with dark stains, as if of hard work.

Lolly Polwarth stood at the door and watched her little girl disappear in the night with a heart sink least as how she feared. It would wake the house. Everything was still and silent, except the dropping from the trees and those mysterious sounds and [illegible] which are always audible in the night when all other sounds are hushed, especially to the ears of those who are in great anxiety.

The darkness closed around, so that Grisel's [illegible] disappeared almost as soon as she had left her mother's sight. The lady stood in the door, with dropping of the tide, unconscious of it, or that she had any body at all, except that loud, wild pulsation which throbbed in heavy all. Then she closed the door noiselessly and went to the nursery-room, where everything seemed so natural, though a little fire had been burning that day to air the linen, and the old nurse was still growling and muttering their accounts who to the city.

Lolly Polwarth could not rest. She tried and tried noiselessly, occupying herself with the most trifling things, including a lot of rag-bits, counting the remembered shirts and counterfeits, though, like a good housewife, she knew the number of them exactly and all their history, and which of them wanted a patch in time to attend the darning.

And finally, when she had tried as much of the time as possible with these trifling, she went and stood by the door, leaning her head, which throbbed too, against the cold panel, and waited for a sensation which made every moment seem an hour.

Meanwhile, Grisel stepped lightly on a cushioned or a carpet, for every the room. Those positions are always in their hotel or lodgings, and not a living thing was astirr in the room except herself. "Mamie, mamie, wake up! I'm home!" she said to her sweet.

You would have supposed they had been shut up in a beautiful castle, on a luxurious couch, to hear how Grisel sang notes to herself about the "safe, safe" shelter of the Polwarth vault among her ancestors' coffins. The thought of having conquered the troopers, and given them a fright or two, pleased her as much as hitting anywhere and stealing one's pursuers delights a child.

She ran over to her mind all the incidents of those terrible months, and laughed in her heart. It was fun to her, though it was life and death; for all those dangers and her own fatigues and trials, so much above her strength, had never quenched the natural buoyancy of her character, [illegible] in the excitement of her battlemath escapes. The trooper's sword cutting into the basket over her head, and Sandy's dismay at the disappearance of the sleep's head, were peculiarly delightful to think of. Time would never hang heavy on any one's hands who had so much to answer to imagination. She was almost sorry it was over, and yet so glad!

When she opened the door of the vault, for further stood wrapped in his cloak, invisible till he put out his head to her, which resembled a little, for Sir Patrick was weak with long confinement, and did not look at modern as cheerfully as did his little daughter.

"Is all safe?"

"Safe! all's ready for you, and my mother waiting in the door," said Grisel, with a ripple of laughter in the words. And then he put his hand upon her shoulder and they came both out of the dark vault into the black night.

But oh, what a difference was over the moonlit peak imprisoned among the dead! The whole house sprinkled with the remedies of their first month of the true air.

It was a hundred of cars, rather than of air, [illegible] you would have said, but it was rather at the summer morning to him. He had his sword in his right hand under his cloak, and with the other hand he clung to the arm, for at first his eyes, so accustomed to the quiet, rest of little sort to him, and his limbs quivered with stiffness and long confinement.

It was impossible, too, that he feel should be so light as Grisel's, and this gave her some concern, as they went slowly and cautiously for an interval the use of his half-paralyzed muscles.

Grisel was not so triumphant as she neared her father home. A look in the mirror as they passed, which she had overlooked before, sent an arrow to her heart. It was a sick child that had been taken ill in the night; but Grisel did not know that, nor indeed would it have satisfied mothers; for if the children had come out to seek spoons, the sight of Sir Patrick's tall figure walking along in the gloom, would have been more readily recognized by him than by any other man. But happily that danger was avoided.

And Grisel made her father stand aside and stand still when that shapeless dark [illegible], [illegible] of Thebes, were stagnating by, shouting to himself a drinking chorus, and pausing to explain that it was the dull days, and a man could not always be master of himself, when he stumbled at the minister's gate.

He rose to be approached possibly dimly in the darkness, and Grisel's mistress took at the idea of encountering perhaps a band of gypsies,* or Christmas horsemen, stretching across the road, or even contact with whom would have been impossible.

"Your mother should make an example of that fellow. What's to that I can do nothing myself," said Sir Patrick, as they were so.

"O father, I am so thankful to him that he did not see us!" Grisel said, feeling that her father was angrated; and indeed he was a severe man, and could not tolerate a breach of morality. Such were the morning incidents of the way.

It would be difficult to say how Lolly Polwarth knew when they were near. She had not been without her alarms. One of the servants had been, like the children, taken ill in the night, and stumbling forth to the dark to find some common remedy in the kitchen, had, groping, halted with nervous alarm upon the bell, and given a shriek which passed the household.

They had apparently in their nightdresses been dressed, old Margaret peering down the wall of the staircase, with her spectacles perched on her nose and her faculties all sharpened by curiosity. But Lolly Polwarth, though her heart was beating, made assistance of none, and recommended them all to bed with an authority which no one knew better how to assume when need was.

She was still seated and trembling from the alarm, though everything was now more quiet in the house, when something caused her to be startled and child more alarm. She opened the door without a word, and put out her hands, and drew to the fugitive, but never dreamt till she had let him softly like a sylph through the dark passages to the nursery room.

They had been separated for months, and they sat now on the edge of every possible danger, not knowing what an hour might bring forth. They had such little time for a moment, merely the—

*Gitanos (the second form of "Gypsies"), or nomads, are bands of homeless vagabonds who flit in the darkness the night of the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Addison C. Gladfelter, Sept 84

[illegible] to speak, for the warmth of the fire made it hard to stay awake for so long, and the bodily comfort in which he had been a sensitive, made the mental life Patrick's spirit. He saw, sealed between [illegible] and saw that little man in [illegible]—

"He took me from the hurtful pit, dell from the miry clay," he said, opening the Psalm in the version familiar to Scotland.

"Is my good man? Is it because of rumour not at fault that he was the poor ghost for heaven," cried the lady, with tears.

"It behoves us to think better of the Mode of our fathers," said Sir Patrick. "Nu, ay, pin is no lost, where the dust of the righteous is laid. If ye were a learned woman, dear, I would tell ye ye were thinking of Hades, which was the place of the disembodied, according to classic authors that knew no Heaven. And there have been times when, if not fortified by better thoughts, I would have imagined I saw beings about me that were not dead and dead."

"Did ye see, grandfather?" said Ortel, with [illegible] eagerness.

"Whisht, laird, and do not spoil someone," said Lady Tolstarth, but she too grew pale.

"I saw a tall fine gentleman in the dead of the night, with but that never wounded on the foot, and a lit countenance that was never discovered. Will you guess who that was, Jean? Not but we have a pretty gen and all the news of the house, and first my boot right in the sacred house, not ever showed a sign of fear, not thought of ghost or bogle till this night"——

"Ah, that was my darling, my helpful fairy! Look at her little hands that were so white and beauty—that is all for you, Patrick. Be the rest."

Ortel put her hands modestly behind her back.

"I was waking, it was just for fun," she said. "Jessie Wright did more than one, and he is but your friend man, and not daughter to his purpose thereto."

"She is a proud monkey, too," said the fugitive, with a burst of somewhat feeble laughter, which frightened his relatives.

"What if old Margaret, with her kind ears, should hear in their Holiday wake and rouse the house? It was hard to check the joy of the member, but yet the time of rest and safety was not come.

The patients talked in whispers of all that had been done, and was to do—of friends in prison, and of "the tyrant's" proceedings against one and another, and of Mossy Lindenbrae, and his hiding-tetreat, half of escaping to Holland if hope would not be—"Enough I would fain, fain bide for the sake of the hearts and body harbour," Sir Patrick said.

"Oh, what is silver or land, in comparison to peace," said the lady with tears. "The heavy shoulder starve while we have health and hands."

While they were discussing these things, Grizel was busy with her preparations, which were of the most simple description.

The mentioned search made through the houses of the conventicled, as they were called, was such that even the upper-room with its frescoed bed, was not left. The deep hearth-like bed had been dressed, and a large mouse hole made, large enough to contain a low curtained bed with the attendant with carriage like that made for the sterile for life. This was the new hiding-place prepared for the fugitive, the digging of which, undertaken with her very hands, had deprived Gerald's little fingers of their beauty.

It was paradise to Sir Patrick after the cards, the lady Provosta could do nothing but wait as her husband, the master of the house, stretched himself on his bed.

"I am not hard to please in the way of breakfasting," he said, "but you will allow, Grizel, there is good reason of it here."

"This one is only for the day, dadsie. At night we will be free and oh, the merry nights we will have!" said Grizel.

"At night I will be as large like a prince," he said, with a smile. "Come, wife, I will have no longer. Now, and good night, and sweet remembrances—what guise could a man want if he were a king?"

Now all the house was, where the mother and daughter made my course in the dead of night. Was a big cell, quite cells yet, as a place may be a cell quite not alone. Lady Tolstarth, sending on the usual more, though they were as dark as the night, seemed to feel lurking figures about, and have a supposed breath, as if some one lay watching in the dark thoroughness of the closest corner.

She had thought the man as anxious as it was possible to be before, but the danger was not yet over, and she was on guard. The moment to wake several visits of possible bodies, but she was sensible to do that great sentiment justice to the sweet and sense of her mind.

There in Sir Patrick, the dear spiritual lamp, was, in this secretly sent to their home neither the joy. [illegible] Grizel, [illegible] Jean, [illegible] Ortel, [illegible] Margaret, [illegible] Patrick

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

IN EVERY CHAPTER.—CHAPTER VI.

Those crumbs, however, a time of great quiet and peace—out of those moments of tranquility sometimes succeeded in the midst of suffering to give repose and strength to those who yet have much more to bear.

It was discovered, to the consternation of the house, that "the laddie" had yet enough for supper, from which course a few was kept in the room, and Grizel and Margaret found a great deal of instruction in seeing over the linen and examining its condition.

Now and then one of the servants was allowed to enter, to bring in the peats, or light the fire, that no apparent motive might alarm the house. But that old Margaret had her suspicions that they had no doubt.

"Did ever in the supper? Tut, we are foolish, ye'll be tell me that. Yahoo the saying, 'Magpie' sent to me well—well, but there's nothing in's when it's stuck at it!"

"You were always a great one for old sayings, Margaret," her mistress said; "but mirth will keep the heart thereon as well as your cough physicking."

"Weeshes will never come," said the old woman, who did not believe a word of this. "I mind when I was a young thing an awful judgment that fell upon a woman—a hunt that not ever the Kirkwall great.

Eh, but that was just a judgment of God. The gentleman was a decent woman, but the man was an ill person and would not change his ways. Mary's the hour the poor woman spent upon her knees pleading with the Lord to remove the heavy hand. But a wise never done till the man broke his neck one Saturday, coming back from the harbor; and the heart was never heard left of more."

"If he was, you would have heard my mock that the gaudy away come!" said Lady Polwarth, with a smile; "be you never more"——and here the poor lady, who was shaken by her great anxiety, died a few hours without power to remember them.

"Oh, the Lord forbid!" cried Margaret, very [illegible] She would have [illegible] her unusual mood with her life, but she was wounded at the thought that she was not trusted. She was the only person in the house, however, who exhibited any complaint, though the mere sight of the house was a thing that startled all.

"And Grizzy, she just cries and cries till ye would think she would burst," Sandy said, astonished. "Sad my heart's sorry day's a week. If it is the Lord's to me, it would be, Oh, that hungry Jabbies!" And she is just as poorly and as little as ever, though she devours the gold coins like one of your hungry—sake top, unfeigned thrifts!"

"Sandy, ye are naughty," said Johnny.

"No, I'm not naughty; they're just thrifts, and he comes out of their horses' heads."

"And do would the commonest of your horse's heads if ye were a man, spoiling a chase?" said Patrick.

"They will never be the same upon a horse," said Sandy, in a tone of injury; "nothing but a wee pretty—[illegible] Father's money. If he was home, they would come back and dance, and we shall Pate would get and fetch; and I would like to see one of those big, unfeigned thrifts stand before my daddie!"

"O Sandy, hold your tongue! My minnie says we must call no ill names, and somewhy might hear."

"I'm no minnie' wha hears," Sandy said.

Patrick, the eldest, was gentle and weakly, but Sandy had all the mettle of his forefathers.

The conversation was held near to the door of the nursery-room, and Sir Patrick, in his consciousness, heard the voices of his children in a strange medley of pleasure and pain. But in a minute more the short step of Grizel sounded along the passage.

"Whisht in the meantime. I will take an hours, there are worse things than cold water; but get everything quiet as soon as you can, and send for Jessie Winter. Say nothing to your mother till she leaves me in their beds and all is still. No harm," said Sir Patrick, reassuring her with a smile, "will happen to me."

Poor Grizel felt that the end of all things had come. All their trouble and pain gone for nothing; their little melancholy excitement, the relief from those midnight expeditions, which, leave as mere nothing had served to welcome some new misery.

Sir Patrick, alarmed at first, made up his mind, being well aware of all the sound incidents of this tranquil country life, that it must be some wandering pedlarman or pedler who had that moment the honor of.

For it was the venue of the events that were most loud, and their kind master knew well what a "play" it was for them, a lull a Sunday and delightful holiday, when the travelling pedler came with his wares, and the pack was opened and all its stores unfolded.

He smiled with friendly sympathy in their simple pleasure, terrible though to very great it was. And therefore always the idea found that the pedler might bring news, which came at all times so thickly and with such intensity in those days, and doubly so in those of trouble, when a sort of evil was was reading the country.

He thought that in the distance he now heard his wife's voice utter a cry of distress, and the servants seemed to lay along the hours so as lay helpless in such discomfort of hurry and trouble of mind. By the usual community of misery, it was long than usual when Grizel and her mother came to, rousing the foot and the dry clothes which had become necessary.

There not some glittering along the floor, even before he saw them, brought home to his heart, and he did not observe anything more than the unknown which his own sense of the thing of the wave in the kitting-place, naturally called forth to the looks of Lady Polwarth, and if he had observed the wet clothes and warm his mind, during which his wife set to talk him and talked to unknown home, telling him that Jessie Winter was waiting to be called to to give his opinion upon the new misfortune, while Grizel sat on a stool behind her father with her face hidden in her hands.

He thought she was crying, and without his cheerful little note, but would not. In his tenderness, thought his little Grizzy. When, however, the agony to carry away the remains of his support, he saw that her face was swollen with tears, and crushed her by the arm.

"It may be bad, but it is not so bad as that," he said. "What will happen to me. If war Grizzy home hours?"

"O Patrick!" cried his wife, "there is terrible news. I would not tell ye till ye had eaten and drunken, and got a little strength. Andrew Wylie, the pickthrow, has been here today, straight from Edinburgh; and the first thing he had to say—for to know what friends ye were—was about Jerviswood, our kind Jerviswood, that was the friend of us all."

"What about Jerviswood?" said Sir Patrick, growing pale; but what must to ask? Already at the first word he knew, and his face grew stern and cold with a sorrow that was [illegible] wrath, and he said more.

Lady Polwarth persuaded herself to weep, now that the first words were said, and little Grizel, who had carried her father's message to Sir Johnny in prison, rose and laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

"The traitor," said Lady Polwarth, "has had his will of that man on earth. Wednesday was a week, he shifted in the Grassmarket, where so many have gone before him. Patrick, we must not worry, for oh, who would hide in this disconsolate Scotland, that could win there?"

Sir Patrick Hume raised his grand head, more with resignation and suffering.

"I never think," he said, though his voice was

Continued on Page 24.

"O Grizzy! Sandy's remarkit!" said Johnny.

"I'm sayin' the troopers are thrifts, and that's no remarkit. I'm sayin' I wish my daddie was here to eat them down; but the rest are friends," said Sandy. "No, I'm no feared. I would get on block Bess's back, the big charger, and just say, 'Come on!'"

"O Sandy! hide a little," said Grizel. "If my daddie could hear ye, he would say, 'Sandy must eat twa—three more thrifts heads before he would tell the troopers 'Come on!'"

"What's laughing?" said Sandy, very fierce.

"Nobody—no—the whole of us," said Grizel, and she hurried off to her work in the nursery-room, where the fire had just been lighted for the sake of the lines.

She closed the door upon the children softly before she took breath, for it was not Patrick in his hour, in danger of his life, who had laughed,—a low chuckle indeed, but audible and mysterious, had the children been occupied with their own affairs. Grizel turned the unlocked key in the door, and then she raised of one of the plaids and shook her what head at the girls figure all startled and silent that her consistent thinks.

"O daddie, will ye never leave me to laugh?" she said.

"Hoots, I have, my Grizzy," though he spoke only in a whisper; "and what fault was it, jumping our merry just in my mind?"

Mary felt that she had been told in the vault and that now, repeated, shook the entertainment had very laughter supremed! You will think there was not very much wit in it either, but Sandy pleasantly do not need to be very witty.

The game quietly ended without a little, and added, still with the smile lingering along his bell, low eyes, "Be composed, my female lassie; the Lord will show us a way out of it. I'm thinking, Grizzy, the water is to the hole."

"O father! father!" the girl cried; "what shall we do?"

"Hoots, I know not, lassie. Sandy's remarkit, and Johnny, and Patrick, and Grizzy, and Mary, and Margaret, and Jessie Winter. Say nothing to your mother till she leaves me in their beds and all is still. No harm," said Sir Patrick, reassuring her with a smile, "will happen to me."

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hard and lucky with emotion. "I [illegible] Dear plaintiffs, friend of my youth, thou'st died for Scotland, and for the true word, and for freedom. I gather thee unto my fold, as clearly bought! Oh, so, it is so—" and with that he was silent for a time, holding unconsciously fixed in his arm, who clinched to his side weeping by the night of his grief, watched with awe the many flowing merely down his manly cheek.

After a few minutes, with a voice still hoarser, he spoke:

"If anything was wanted to decide me, it was this. I will not keep you longer, my lass, in this mortal terror. I've seen it working upon you, my sweetheart, since the first day. Let us lay our heads together, my two consolation, and see how I can best get away."

"Go away, Patrick? you will fall into the hands of the wicked," said Lady Polworth, grasping him by the arm in her terror, as if there "wicked" were already at hand.

"Nothing worse can befall me than has happened to my brother, for whose sake deliverance the Lord is praised. But we'll hope other things, my heart. You will just send me word quietly in the night, and I will get across the border and to some Northland port. Nay, we'll weep no more, neither for him that is departed, nor me that am going upon a more hard journey; the only thing to mind is how I could get."

The consolation was cropped on the into the night, and almost before Lady Polworth had recovered her daughter and she had set to work to take the gold lace from Sir Patrick's coat, and have it into the grave garment that hidden the profession for which he had smitten in his earlier years.

He has hidden the profession as well as the garment hammed for them. His grave and dignified bearing was in harmony with the character he was about to assume. His own feelings, too, were such as suited the character.

It had already happened in the exigencies of life at that period, that Sir Patrick Blaine had appeared under the name of Dr. Wolfert, a practitioner of medicine from Leyden, the learned Dutch university, of which so many Scotsmen took their degrees, and were for the most part clear of the neighborhood where he was known, and over the border into England, all might be well, and the travelling physician pass with little remark. But how to pass the hazardous circle was the pitiful question that moved all hearts.

Jessie Weston stole in from the stables, where he had been supposed to have a pair of work to do, and after wandering with distracted looks the room to the entry which he had made with such care, paused in the middle of the room, looking vacant, as mind, from his blue lament, and looking to each speaker with anxious looks from one to another.

At last he ventured to speak,—

"My dolly," he said, "if your lordyship will let me speak, there's the gairter, that is my good brother, he is a true man; and there's that young you were wanting to wed, it's a strong big heart, and could carry any person."

"And what could the poor lie or the plaid? Do you think I have time to occupy my mind with nothing points, at a moment like this?"

"Your lordyship," said Jessie, "knows just like enough. A man might ride into the market, Marjorie Kerr. There's a good horse-shoe, man through the countryside—and the one that might ride the poorly to the market, would not need to come back."

"Impudent," said Sir Patrick with a smile, "if he were a wandering dominie, and bound to Holland for his health, and to save himself from bloodshedding, which is no such pressure on this side."

"O Patrick, is my good man!" said the lady. "To keep him there, was an anxiety beyond his power. But to see him go away was more dreadful still."

"And my mercy, we are enough that know the secret," she said.

"The secret," repeated Jessie. "Is my good brother, we's wear in the day?"

"Nature upon you, Jess, to discover your own bells must have been blind you for years."

"I am not interrupting him. But what I mind upon all the questions the tinkers will ask, and 'Where did you get your hat?' and 'Where did you get that?' all the same answered are accepted in the north only, and when it's your life, Patrick, must be in mind. Oh, my man, man, will, and let me trust in God's grace."

"Coming or going, we will do that," said Sir Patrick, steadily. "Your mistress, Jessie, is right when she says it is concerned, and I would not have her sorrow. Brothers is a wise thing and serve home. Yes, we'll see Grant—shall I wear the green, or shall I take and the dairy with the right of 'Fin and your mother knowing' for you? What, man, the little one must say."

"Oh, we shall say nothing, my man, neither, and never let on you is," said Jessie, in the spirit, "if there was any and of the Jessie. I kept hold, and you to my I never knew that—that mistake. If I were a big gentleman like the Duke of Argyle—with one where it were the Duke—I would go to the Duke, he knows good man, and he would—another, Patrick, talk to—I would gain of a child I was, and get rent. I would get rent."

"You are Jessie Jessie indeed," said her father.

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(To be continued.)

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NATURE'S RAPTURE-MUSIC.

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs Oliphant.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

It was deep night when they took away. The time which had elapsed had been spent, it need not be said, in consultation as to the family and what was best to be done for the welfare, which now a certain resemblance to those unconsciously that take place in a household.

Sir Patrick talked cheerfully indeed, but to Lady Hume this seemed just the assumption through the clog of adverse forces which were on the watch around her home, and with her possibly that the native angle to an extent within reach of his own door, was almost more terrible than any certainty.

"How am I to see all I hear of ye?" she cried, with tears which she could not restrain and with almost the feeling that the Lady of Jerusalem weeping for her husband was a duty to be glad to do. Though she had never the world cry out, "God forgive me that he still my good man, while that poor lady has nothing but a memory."

Meanwhile, little Grizel was at her unchanging sailor's work with the order which is developed by necessity, increasing the payment of Sir Patrick Hume little clothes was still for Dr. Walkes, with no time to think what was coming, glad to have her mother free to talk over all there was to be done.

When Sir Patrick reached Holland safely (for he would not say if, but daughter hesitately at all for success), the first thing to be done would be to send her such instructions as would make it clear for her how to follow him, with all the spare of children and such necessary goods as she could bring.

To spend of this brought a fairness over the poor lady. She felt like John Bunyan, when he heard the poor women at Bedford jail talk of their joy and peace in Christ when he was in chapter. Would it ever come to pass that wonderful hope? Could it ever be that she should dwell again at home, under a peaceful roof, however humble, and have no fear of the "Highlanders" or the "Sassenach," no thunders of royal troopers in blood, or tumult, or savage? It seemed too much to think of.

"And, see, there many Scots there?" asked Grizel from her work.

"Plenty of them and plenty of Englishmen, and a friends young Polwarth Hatwell is the lay Gilbey one of his fellows."

"Oh," said Grizel, "that would never do. Let it be fellows, father, for what would my mother do without my?"

The tears Lady Hume were among her tears, and the mother and daughter laughed to cheer her. To all that heard, neither of them were far from weeping in their laughing together.

It was not till a time while before the hour that John Alan, the groom, was sent of the stable-room ready to go. Jamie Winter had warned him beforehand and quietly, that the lady meant to send him off to Stirling Tale with the young pony, which was a friend of a good pedigree and for which a good price was expected, as John Alan had taken ready market.

"There should be a lad to ride it," his grandmother.

"Oh, ay, there will be a lad to ride it," Jamie replied.

But when the hour arrived and the lady herself, calling him apart, remonstrated to the man who it was who was to ride with him, Alan's consternation and remonstrance were such that Lady Hume, already in anxiety, almost broke down altogether. The man became as pale as death, great drops of cold moisture stood on his forehead.

"What I ever see my man again? Oh, shall we ever see your father again?" cried the lady, leaning helpless upon Grizel.

"Mother, has not God the care of him?" Grizel said, sobbing. "Come in now, come in, that nobody may hear."

Too only think they was little sleep in the lady's bedchamber that night. Even to lie down was impossible. It seemed to Lady Hume that she was giving every and so his footsteps were one

"Oh, stand up! stand up! May be they were not going him. May be they are coming in search of him, and he is safe and far on his way. Look there! a light glimmering on the trees! They are carry no lanthorn. They would not do that if they had a prisoner, to rouse the country-side."

"O Grizel! they are safe. But devices than men. How can we tell what they would do?"

"But, mother, they surely would not rouse the country," poor Grizel said.

They spoke in gasps, and knowing, indeed, another they spoke at all, and scarcely audible to themselves. It was like an interchange of quick thoughts, and then they stood silent, waiting breathless, listening one against the wind, as if without that prop they must fall.

This shocking day wakened the hottest gleam up the avenue, and the sound of the horses, and the voices of the men making horse and mount.

When the troop drew into the open space in front of the house, and showed by the lurid light of the torches, Lady Hume [illegible] had some, for moment of reaction, to feel as if all the life in them was mechanical, and more than enough to keep them upright by natural support, and able to listen and look, stirring and hearing more than any other woman not driven to extremity could see and hear. The first thing that remained there was that there seemed no prisoner in the midst of the troop, as Sir Patrick would surely have been, so important a prize as he was, and he been taken. This gave those near renewed hope their breaths.

Then Grizel whispered, "They are setting guards at every door; they think he is here," and the four drew breath and kissed each other in the first fulness of relief.

"We must keep them in parley as long as ever we can, in that search and search," said Lady Polwarth. "Quick, my Grizel! go to your rest. They must find us in our beds, and hard, hard to wake. Oh, the Lord forgive me for my to make this—and the Lord be thanked he is out of here!"

"It is bad enough, mother!" said Grizel, with a shiver.

The thrill of danger seemed to almost more pervading than that of actual peril. The lady's hand seemed to rest round and round as she felt herself than on the edge of a precipice just shaded and no more.

They had taken off their dresses hurriedly and lay down in the great bed under its silver canopy, when a violent knocking began at the great door, with the summons of a voice to open in the King's name.

It was impossible not to tremble at these sounds, more so they were in the room-however than Sir Patrick was no longer in the house. Grizel kept her arms close clasped around her mother. She thought of her own adventure in the moonlight, and the sword that had been lifted over her head like a flame.

"O mother, will ye have to parley with them?" she said.

Peaceless as the child was, the thought of being brought face to face with the soldiers was almost more than her wonted imagination could bear.

Servants are slow to make stirs for the broken summons, and those at Polwarth were old, and accustomed to a quiet away. They woke so gradually and began so slowly to discover

walked about the room, or looked out from the latest window, straining her eyes into the darkness, wondering how far they could have gone by this time, and whether Alan knew all the short ways, and where they would be by dawn.

Alas, long before dawn the watch at the window was recompensed. It was Grizel who first, with anguish bepainted to be to deserted, heard the false sounds which she thought warned the return of the fugitives. The girl implored her mother for one breathless time to go to bed.

"I will take here," she said. "I'm no sleepy, and if anything happens, I will tell you."

"How could I rest and your father riding for his life?" said Lady Polwarth, and then the sound which had startled Grizel met her ears too.

"They are coming back," she said. "They have met some danger on the way."

They stood together pressed against the window looking out into that blackness in which there was nothing but a faint difference of tone between the sky and the earth. Their eyes were blinded looking out into the dark depths of night, but it seemed to help their hearing that to gaze and gaze, putting one sense into another. As the sound of heels jostlected the stillness, with little hoarse and interrupt, they grasped each other's hands tighter.

"They are flying," said Lady Hume, breathless. "They have been warned of some ambushes, Grizel, Grizel! go to go down and open the door!"

Hume Grizel clasped her closer than ever, and detained her.

"Mother, that is not the hours! It is a trump!"

Lady Hume gave a great cry, and sank on the floor on her knees.

"They have fallen into the enemy's hands," she said. "Oh, my lord! I fell in would come to harm. They are prisoners. Grizel! Grizel! look to the bolts, for Christ's sake!"

"Mother, who shall look the?" cried the girl, as Sir Patrick would surely have been, so important a prize as he was, and he been taken. This gave those near renewed hope their breaths.

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parts of the house. Old Thomas, who carried the basin, when he had done with many groanings, opened a window and called out,—

"What are ye waiting at this hour of the night—and who may ye be?" in a quavering, unwilling voice.

"Let the auld fool a ballet, and that will learn him to ask questions," said the rough voice from below.

And this soulless window was hastily thrown up.

"O gentlemen, my ballets! my ballets, for the love of God! The man is just a fool as ye say, and I will come and open till ye," cried the voice of Margaret, shrill in the dark air of the night.

"Be quick, auld wife, or ye shall have something to hasten ye," said the hoarser.

"I lay hands, gentlemen, just the time to put on more clothes," pleaded the old woman.

A moment after her light flashed into the room where Leddy Polwarth and Grizel listened trembling in the dark.

"My leddy! my leddy! see ye as sure that ye can be still and take no heed? But oh, do not be afar sore!" cried Margaret.

They heard her voice again, explaining loudly to the troopers without, as the master and maids arose and lighted their candles, and put on the dresses they had taken off a few minutes before.

"My leddy is in her bed, and all the house sleeping. I'm not saying but ye may have a lawful errand, but oh, be canny a wee, and wait till her leddyship is fit to speak to ye."

"None of your douking, ye old witch!" cried the rough voice outside. "We're here for that bloody rebel, Patrick Hume. "We've sure news that he is in the house this time. If your leddy is hiding him behind her petticoats, the worse for her and for the baitch too."

Here Leddy Polwarth in turn opened the window, and looked out upon the strange scene below. How the lady trembled!

Grizel stood close behind, with her arms round her mother's waist, propping her, and joining the strength of her young throbbing heart to the other which beat so wildly. The eyes were scarcely higher than Leddy Polwarth's shoulder, over which she peered at the confusion below, the red glare of the torches creating a space out of the surrounding darkness in which the figures of the soldiers showed darkly, with gleams of reflection from their helmets and trappings.

The sergeant who led the party was a little in advance; there was no superior officer at the head of this night raid, and the sergeant of the troopers had seen considerable broken by scrapes of both and had consequently assistance which filled the air with an impatient clamor.

It was strange enough that the lady's voice, soft and high, with a trouble in it that all her fortitude could not contain.

"It's a strange hour," she said, "to come to a lady's house that is little better than a widow woman, with her lord away. But my people will throw all open as soon as they are well waked out of their sleep. And, sirs, you will show courtesy, I hope, to a household mostly of women and children."

"Ye speak fair, my leddy," said the sergeant, with a rude adjure, "but ye hide an arch rebel and bloody traitor. Let Sir Patrick Hume deliver himself up, and not a skin o' mine shall cross your door."

"Sir," said Leddy Polwarth, "Sir Patrick Hume is neither rebel nor traitor, but a true man. I hope he is not, for our sake, but will ye believe me whatever I say? I trow not! But ye will believe your own eyes, though ye will not take my word."

"I'll take naebody's word, by ——!" cried the trooper.

And then there ensued a scene which Grizel never forgot. The castle was thrown suddenly into a kind of pandemonium, full of harsh light, and ringing with harsh words and voices.

The servants, all but old Margaret, who stood her ground by her mistress, were collected in the dining-hall, where Leddy Polwarth after a time followed. Grizel, who was little enough to be ashamed, yet old enough to observe everything, with her dress upon huddled there from chamber to chamber, as they went, throwing their spoils into every corner, turning out even the cribs in which little Robbie and Kate slept, with big blue eyes and rosy mouth wide open, not awakened to cry.

A strange esoteric dancing of minds and instruments was in Grizel's voice. When she saw the servants posted at all the doors, she could not contain herself, but laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at, little mistress?" cried the leddy of the expedition, turning sharply upon her.

"I am laughing," said Grizel, "at all those fine men against my one servant and old Thomas; for, sir, I suppose ye do not frighten with bellow and oath everything you meet," which the girl in her daring.

But one minute, and nothing lost, and laughing yet of ridiculous character the most, and he gave her a disconcerting glance.

"If ye were in Edinburgh, mistress, they would lay ye with a rope of the best and use it ye would, bonny lass," he growled under his big moustache.

Leddy Polwarth called the girl to her side with an imperiously firm. But Grizel's eyes had to them a glance of scorn and amusement, which it was not easy to dissemble. But Grizel had escaped, as light as a bird—all this time Sir Patrick was speeding through the night, while the troopers with their muskets watched every door. What a merry jest to tell the father when all their trouble was over!

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

FAITH'S UNSEEN FLOWERS.

Robert Burns' Mice, pace and wicky,
You speak a word fade Death marching sighs,
But there are flowers in Christ's own
Immortal of Immortality.

Those precious buds under by thorns,
As I will unwinded from the bright,
Thy to unseen flowers, to have by the
Of their rose in Bell pure sweet.

FRANCESCA BATES.

For the Companion.

A CONQUERED ENEMY.

"You are to have the Cooper for neighbors, I hear," said Mrs. Bailey, as she stopped on her way "down town" to chat for a moment over the fence with her cousin, Mrs. Sunderland. "Look out for squalls!"

Mrs. Sunderland paused in her work of snipping the withered blossoms from a rosebush near to turn an inquiring glance toward the speaker.

"What is wrong about the Coopers? They are honest, sober, industrious folks, are they not?"

"All of that, with many other virtues besides," Mrs. Bailey replied, laughing. "Nevertheless, I'd rather have three live lions door to you than to me."

"Don't be so mysterious," Mrs. Sunderland said, her good-humored face beginning to wear a shade of anxiety. "If there will see all there is to tell, or tell not nothing."

"There is nothing very dreadful to reveal, and what there is, is no secret. You would have known Mrs. Cooper's reputation as well as everybody else in Greenville does if you were not a newcomer. She is said to be the worst-tempered woman in town, and has never lived neighbor a month to any family without getting up a quarrel with them; therefore, I say, beware of squalls."

Mrs. Sunderland did not think that the dangers her friends had warned her to prepare for were of a very serious character, but being a woman "wise in her generation," she deemed it prudent to pour oil upon the waves before any signs of a storm became visible. A day or two after her new neighbors arrived, seeing Mrs. Cooper making some endeavor to improve the condition of a very neglected garden-patch, Mrs. Sunderland stepped to the dividing fence and begged her neighbor's acceptance of a basket full of vegetables she had just gathered from her own thriving garden.

"It is so late in the season that I'm afraid you will not be able to raise much in your garden this year," she said, pleasantly; "and as I have more garden-truck than I can make use of, I shall be glad to have you help me dispose of it."

Mrs. Cooper turned upon her a face that certainly was not very prepossessing, for it was dark, sallow and scowling, and when she spoke it was with such a misgiving of her auditors as at once betrayed her to have been at no very distant date a subject of Queen Victoria.

"It's much obliged to you, ma'am, and as you've brought the garden-sass, I'll fetch it; but as a general thing one and my man pays over lawn way, and don't care to be beholden to nobody."

The lad, Charlie, she loved is much easier to make friends with; he was a frank-faced, black-eyed youngster of twelve or thirteen, with a head thickly covered with closely-curled clogs of auburn hair. Noticing him one morning wheeling away a bit of weeds and rubbish from his mother's garden, Mrs. Sunderland asked him if he would like to perform the same service for her, of course for a remuneration. The offer was eagerly accepted, and after that Charlie Cooper earned many a dime by little services performed for the whole lady.

Frank Sunderland and he became quite well acquainted in the course of these labors, and as a natural thing, the two boys got along together remarkably well; but one day some accident happened to Charlie's wheelbarrow, and he chose to think Frank was the cause of the disaster. The evil temper which had hitherto lain dormant sprang suddenly to life, and Charlie gave vituperative vent a torrent of profanity as rarely applied not only Frank, but Frank's mother, who witnessed the scene from her kitchen window, was called Frank away at once, and after a few words of rebuke to Charlie, spoken for more in sorrow than in anger, she sent him home, saying that she could not allow any boy who swore or used bad language to be the companion of her son.

Charlie departed in tears with his broken wheelbarrow, and probably gave an account of the transaction from his own point of view to his mother, for a few minutes later Mrs. Sunderland was startled to see, coming over her back fence, first a cabbage, then a pole or so of potatoes, and finally the cause in which she had that morning seen as Mrs. Cooper the vegetables thus unceremoniously propelled. An explanation of the surprising circumstance followed to Mrs. Cooper's ears.

"I'll thank you after this to keep yourself and Jemmy-Jim behaving to you as I yourself. Did my boy settle it under for your boy, or don't care of it what pertained to the quilt was."

"Madam, I do not a special action to your young gentleman, as Mrs. Sunderland politely withdrew from the scene of action, leaving her neighbor in possession of the field. The incident (perhaps had some, greatly to Mrs. Sunderland's mortification) was not long in reaching the ears of her husband, who, as a relative with her neighbor—or, thanks to Mrs. Cooper's investigations tongue, a quality was,—was felt by the gentle widow to be a real disgrace.

All that she could do to smooth matters she did with effect, however, enough that Mrs. Cooper relented gradually from a fierceness into a sullen mood, but lost no opportunity of exhibiting her dislike and ill-will to the unfortunate little boy, which a good neighbor can always make available.

The quarrel between the boys was of much shorter duration. In the course of a few days Charlie's red head was again seen bobbing over the division-fence, and Frank being responsible, the friendly intercourse was soon re-established. When September came and the schools re-opened, the two lads became school-mates and class-mates.

Charlie was a bright boy, and his parents had kept him steadily at school, and was very proud of the attainments; but though he was two years older than Frank, the latter was more than his equal in school-training. There was no long stand Frank, however, and there would probably have been no jealousy on Charlie's side had it not been so excited by home influence. Mrs. Cooper was utterly jealous and envious, and her stories and insinuations did much towards making her son as unreasonable and sensitive as herself.

A few months after the school opened, an examination was held for the purpose of promoting each of the scholars as was fitted for the advance to higher departments in the school. Frank Sunderland was the only boy in his class who was successful in passing the examination, though Charlie Cooper had not been far behind him, and his heart, and his mother's as well, had been set upon his obtaining the promotion.

That he failed to do so was, to most, a source disappointment, but that Frank should succeed where Charlie failed, was a trial much harder to endure. Mrs. Cooper's unsatisfied tongue wagged freely, and her opinion that the school was conducted upon the weakest principles of favoritism was widely disseminated. She would even have been foolish enough to withdraw Charlie from the school, had not his father interposed his rarely exerted authority and put a positive veto upon any such absurd proceeding.

As usual, Charlie's wrath soon evaporated, and as there was now no occasion for actual rivalry between them, the two lads got along very harmoniously, and Frank was able to do quite a kind turn for Charlie, which the latter, as a general thing, fully appreciated.

Though very well aware of the rancor of Mrs. Cooper's feelings towards her and Frank, Mrs. Sunderland was sensible enough to feel rather amused than irritated, even when Mrs. Cooper's coldest, on their chance meetings, verged upon actual insolence. The widow's cheerfulness and politeness continued to be quite invincible until the events of a certain morning proved to her that forbearance had at last ceased to be a virtue.

It was a cold day in January, Frank had gone to the well to draw a bucket of water, but found the well-bucket half-full of ice, so that it would not sink when lowered into the water. His mother came to his assistance, but succeeded no better than he had done. Charlie Cooper was at the well in their own lot, scarcely a stone's throw distant, and he called out, "Come fill your bucket here, Frank; our well is all right."

Without stopping to ask permission, Frank scrambled over the fence, and soon the two lads were laughing and joking together as Charlie lowered the bucket. Just then Mrs. Cooper came out of the house and advanced towards them; she brought another bucket to fill, but that was already half-full of water, which she was sliding around in the bucket, preparatory to throwing it out.

"What are you doing in my lot, sir, may I ask?" she said, as she noticed the intruder. Frank colored, and took up his cold empty bucket.

"Never mind, Charlie," said he; "we can get the rest of our own buckets; I'll go back, now."

Charlie was provoked at his mother, and his temper being as ill-governed as her own, he turned towards her angrily, crying, "What's the use of being so bitter? you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" at which words his mother's anger rose to the exploding point.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Charlie Cooper!" she said; and then turning impetuously upon bewildered Frank, "as for you, you young hoodlum, I want you to get off my premises, and stay off! Yes, We don't want no favorites round here." Then, throwing the contents of her bucket, not absolutely at Frank, but with so nearly disregard of what she was doing, she flirted the water in such a way that the lad was completely drenched.

Mrs. Sunderland advanced to the scene to help Frank, showing her very trying, to get over it. Her gentle temper, proof against all trouble or attacks directed upon herself, was of not proof. Frank was a very delicate child, and the effects of such a shower-bath upon such a morning might be serious. With flashing eyes and face flushed with indignation, she turned upon her enemy, who did have the grace to look a little ashamed of herself.

"You are a wicked, cruel woman, Mrs. Cooper, and henceforth I will have nothing to do with you." Then she lovingly Frank to the house, and delighted her maids with the helpful aids to attire himself in dry garments.

The lad had a cold and a sore throat as the result of his drenching, and his anxious mother, during the period of his indisposition, confessed towards Mrs. Cooper a resentment hardly though to have satisfied even Dr. Johnson. Frank got well that first, however, and was soon at school again bright and merry as usual.

But he had several attacks of sore throat before the winter was over, and deep yet was so weak and pony that his mother never ceased anxiously apprehensive of danger, as the old fear. Frank seemed to get quite well and strong in the warm weather since, and therefore perhaps less prudent, for in May he again caught cold and came home sick from school.

He was severely ill from the first, and the fever diphtheria symptoms developed themselves, and scarcely four hours later the bright young soul was freed from the frail tenement, and Mrs. Sunderland was a childless widow.

I will not dwell upon her desolation, the strong sympathy showered upon her, everybody her good, sorry that Frank Sunderland, and his mother was almost an equal favorite. If there sympathy could have delivered her grief, the widow would have been happy; perhaps it did, even though unconsciously to herself, for, as the old woman looking was dressed in cut out of her dead darling, she felt as though there could never be any more brightness or pleasure for her this side of eternity.

She sat more tractive, speechless, and despairing, and heard not the timid knock that came upon the door, nor did she notice her figure had a moment been around the room, and a voice choked with sobs said,—

"Please, Mrs. Sunderland, may I see him?"

Then she turned, and saw Charlie Cooper. The lady's swollen eyes showed that he had been crying, but Mrs. Sunderland looked at him sympathetically, and when she noticed what a sore he wanted, turned quite calmly towards the coffin and withdrew the cloth that covered the sweet face.

Charlie gazed for a few minutes upon his dead schoolmate, moved and silent, though the tears chased each other down his cheeks. In a time while the mother blessed the merciful hour, and with that sympathetic calmness, and presented the face.

Charlie was trembling from head to footed, repressed agitation, and Mrs. Sunderland almost unconsciously laid her hand upon his shoulder as if to calm him. He saw much the lady's self-control gave way; with a child's instinctive claim for comfort and support to venture, he flung his arms around her, and dropping his head upon her bosom, burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"O Mrs. Sunderland!" he cried, "I can't bear to have him die; I can't—I can't—he was always so good to me."

The mother's lips quivered, but tears refused outwardly; the heaving breast came of had to her aching eyes, and with her face bowed upon Charlie's sturdy head, she, too, wept, freely and softly, and with the blessed tears the first bitterness of her anguish passed away.

Mrs. Sunderland's friends came to her and took her away from the scene of her bereavement. All that affection could do was done to cheer her, and after a few months her healthy, cheerful spirit began to support itself, and to shake the effect of bereavement, insofar that by September she felt able to return to Greenville and her boy's grave, and to become again, in a measure, her old calm and gentle self.

The schools had just reopened, and though the remembrance of one short year ago, when her boy was there, the delighted and most hopeful of the young throng who commenced the school year together, brought a pang of almost unbearable pain to the mother's heart, she endured the suffering as she had endured all the rest, uncomplainingly.

The examination for promotion was again held, and this time Charlie Cooper passed first among the lot of his class who were promoted to the higher department. Mrs. Sunderland was the sincerest friend where the lead of the lady's triumph, and a few minutes later what one was Rose, she stopped to shake hands with him, congratulating him most cordially. "But how sorry if happens you are not in school, this morning" she added.

"I—I—don't go to school, just now," he stammered. "I've stopped awhile."

"Why, how does that happen? really you is the very time you ought to be most regular in attendance."

"I know,—I'd like to be, but"—again he stopped, much embarrassed, and it was not without a good deal of questioning that Mrs. Sunderland at last drew from him the information that he had ceased to attend school on account of his father's inability to procure for him the new set of school-books and promotion had made necessary.

"Father's had a bad run on his head of late, and it's not well yet. He hasn't been able to work much, and we've had to be awfully economical. Mother asked him everything when father put in two months; I guess the money is very, but of new books; you was good to me, and I'm sure that, for she knew father couldn't help it. She's caring so now, and worse I, and will soon

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For the Companion.

THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Gilphant.

In Three Chapters.—Chapter VIII.

Tammas had been covering the table hastily with everything the house could furnish in the way of food, with wine, and large drams of the home-brewed ale which the troopers quaffed.

They sat down and devoured the provisions amid while the women crowded [illegible] of the upper hall of the young heiress and frightened, were one or two of the younger maids, to whom the soldiers, if a dance, were something also of a delight, in their buff coats and shining cuirasses,—not such heroes as they were painted.

When the supper was going on, a trooper came into the hall with the information that two stalls were empty in the stable.

"He will have stolen off while ye have been feasting," said the man who had no share in the feast.

And then there was a bustle of sudden rage and movement, each man springing to his feet.

"No, no," said old Tammas. "He's been Allan, the grieve, off with the brown pony to sell him at Hospitle Fair."

This was a speech which Tammas repented sorely, for before he knew, he was mounted on the best horse in the stables and carried off in the midst of the party to show the way his master had gone.

"Me! what do I know about the way? Do ye no kin, she way to the border without me?" cried the unfortunate old man.

The party of women hurried to the window, saw the wild troops swinging off into the night, then turned down stairs to chase and bar and bolt the heavy doors. And it may be supposed with what mingled relief and anguish the mother and daughter listened to the sounds hounding and hooting in the distance, as the troops on their heavy horses plunged along in the night on this pure errand.

Relief perhaps was the first thought, but soon the agony of alarm and suspense came back. Every tinge of color fled from Lady Polwarth's face as she went back to her bed-chamber and sat down in the little turret which was her watch-tower and from which the wide sweep of the landscape round was softly swing into view in the chill of early dawn.

"How will I or until there is news," said the poor lady. "Grizel! Grizel! do you think they will get him? For if so my heart must break."

"They had all the night before them—and oh, mother, such a long, long night! Let God that will take care of them."

"It may teach! but God delivered Jerubbaal, that was a saint, into the hands of the enemy. He will is right; but what if it were He will that your father should suffer like Jerubbaal?"

"No, my mother! no, my mother!" cried Grizel, clasped her hands, and then she clasped her mother close, and listened, and asked if the lad were yon [illegible] stopped on the error quarter.

"It will just be a great tale for my mistie when we're all safe in Holland," said the girl, her features quivering with mingled laughter and tears. "And do ye see Sandy, mother, with yon one shoe on, and his eyes glittering like two swords, and the old heroes in his arms? He would have sprung at you, my lorgnette's throat, if it had not been for Margaret. Oh, here my father will laugh, till the house run down!—when we are all safe in Holland," said Grizel, with a sob she could not master—"safe over the sea."

Lady Polwarth clasped her hands, gazing out pale and wistful through the gray morning. "Oh, if that will come to!"

Late in the following day, old Tammas, his face was all lazy and dusty, his horse dripped with sweat and foam, a lamentable pale, came creeping to the evening.

The horse was put of the last in the stables, lest it that the lot of a worn-out old man, and he for Tammas, his age of failure, and disgrace and disappointment was indescribable.

Grizel, who was then on the gate, where she waited as a bird of advisement, ventured to change poitry—and the lad that rode it—but never a word more!"

"Lost the pony, and the lad that rode it?" said Lady Polwarth, swift to extract what was shining out of the good news.

"Oh, [illegible] will you believe to be [illegible]?" Grizel cried, with a fit of impatience. And then Grizel told her mother's hard laughly. "If ye will think, minnie dear, ye will see it is good news, for if they had been together, my father would have been taken, and as they were parted and no news of him, it is as sure he is safe as that Tammas does not know a thing we has any surplices, as well has good John kept the secret."

"The Lord grant that it may be as you say, lest oh, my Grizel, if Tammas was grief, and him this long time confined and weak with trouble and not able to manage a beast"——

"My dochtie not able to manage a beast?" Grizel cried, with triumphant laughter—"Sir Patrick Hume's no able to ride a beast?"

And this was so ridiculous, that the anxious wife relented a little and almost consented to laugh, too, and consented to go and appear in the hallmarked, which was then alarmed by her mother-in-law for the troopers.

After another twenty-four hours' suspense, the prayers has come home with the welcome news that Tammas was a good hero among the stable for some time after, and had endless stories to tell of his ride with the troopers and all its perils. It was generally in said that he gave himself credit for leading them round so as to give the fugitives time to escape, where it came out afterwards that the lad who rode the pony was no other than Sir Patrick. Tammas would have had his lawyers believe that he was in the secret from the beginning.

"Dear, it stand to reason," he said, "that my master should be about the house, and not so far!" But yet Margaret took it in a different way. When the story was told to her fully, which was not till Dr. Wishlow was safe at Utrecht, and just in a safe and private hand—for the post was not to be trusted in those days—the discussion to his wife for her voyage, Margaret held her head high with indignation and offence while she listened, for at the end there was a deal of tears.

"And did your lordship think I was a traitor, or one that would not be trusted—though I've proved true in these times and all your heroic labours after you?" she said.

"Margaret," said Lady Polwarth, "they would have made you prisoner, and what I to you imposition by your way to cover John for the love of me?"

"And was I such a fool," said Margaret, "as I could be tempted to baffle that enemies without consulting Silas? And if there was a conviction to be hardened," she added, in the true spirit of that "version of the antique world" which has left us so many examples of devotion, "whatever so worn, as well as another?" A female question to which Lady Polwarth attempted no reply.

When the story of Grizel Hume is to be told from beginning to end, there would be a great many twists marking and under backlets to it. But our space does not permit much more; and were we to go beyond her childhood and youth, where pleasure and romantic would have to come in.

In the meantime you must know that the family at last got safely to Rotterdam, though not without long delays and check to the for the mother and daughter. "Sir Peter and helpful hand" upon whom the mother always depended.

Sir Patrick Hume's estate were forfeited and given as a favorite of the king, and before the family could leave Scotland the latter made a visit to London, going what was then a long voyage by sea, and visiting worthy in the apartments of the great lords to make what interest they could that some little allowance might be made to them for the sake of the children that inherited at cost of their dying and their inheritance.

They were so far successful that they secured nearly one hundred and fifty pounds a year to helper now then now very instead of the broad lands and farms that had been taken from them.

But to carry those six children to Holland, a long and troublesome voyage, was a terrible tax on their resources. Yet was this all, for Johnnie, who was delicate, could not be moved with the others, and Grizel had to remain for his sake going with her mother to Holland, and keeping to settle the family in the new and cheerful habitation where it was such happiness to live once more together.

Grizel was eighteen, a fair young girl—woman, for all those changes occurred much time, which she then resolved alone to bring her little sister. They were very merry together in their house at Utrecht—one of those brick houses that throw cheerful and reflection into the canal, and Grizel was so much wanted for everything, that you may to see it was no easy matter to let her go.

I wish there was space to tell you something of her busy life there. She was up before six to light her father's fire and dress the children, to whom sickness had not devoted himself, but being rich enough to read were to school.

"It just she had a moment's time," as we feel, in the little memoir of her published long after, "she took a lesson while the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music."

But it must here have not merely that she found a moment's time, for it was her part to go to market among the brisk Dutch hypothecaries, all eager for a bargain, and lay in the family provisions, and at home to keep everything in order; to rise the fleets sitting up at night that her dear brother Patrick, now a young student in the Prince's guard, should have his mental and staff of point here so that on the best to cook, and sweep, and do everything that was required.

It was the happiest time of her life, she said afterwards, when she then labored, for her own singing at her work the livelong day, and sometimes, if by chance her courage failed, putting her from trouble her sweet simple verses, and then forgetting it, like the bird sweeter the sun. One of these songs has lasted till now, and will always last, we are disposed to think. It is old-fashioned French, and you might not understand it. Besides, it belongs to another portion of our story Grizel's life.

In the meantime, let us go back with her to Scotland to bring Johnnie. What a happy [illegible] it was to those days! Small, crowded things remain, without any consolid, for the days and nights that lead to the great [illegible], as the time they were among the sand, or blown on the [illegible] northern sea.

But Grizel made nothing of those hardships, as long as she was alone and her only beloved brother. In the different where she returned with Johnnie, the delicate child, whom old Margaret had remembered in constant trembling.

Perhaps the little girl was a little peevish, too, though so pleased with the novelty of the situation, and found her first experience of the sea of worlds as most of us find it.

And they had a savage of a captain, without breeding or humanity, who took money from these people for the use of the little vessel, and then turned them out of it and occupied it himself, using the crew that sailed where their ships.

And he made things worse, from time to time, by his rude manners, with all the sickening superfluous; so they landed at the first wharf in some distance from Rotterdam, more dead than alive. From thence, as we think they arrived out of them, there was nothing for it but to walk to Rotterdam, and the weather was miserable, the streets full to the air, and everything sodden and damp and muddy in that watery country where the roads are more the and the and good than any where else.

Grief had enough to do to keep up the heart of poor little weeping Juliana, already prostrated by the journey, and they set out upon their dismal walk, the whole forlorn little party of travellers together, a kind gentleman charging himself with their four luggage.

Perhaps it was all well that it was dark, that they did not see the dismal landscape, the dull water everywhere and beauty gone wearily, dreaming of it. Grief did not lead to cheer her little the time. She talked about the morning which was now so near, with the gayest hopes she could muster.

"They will be my father in the Dutch coat,—was tell you we see all these sunny tails and the sun of days. Now you will laugh, Juliana,—and Dick in his uniform, so handsome and so true. And they will put us in the boat, and we will have no more trouble, but pleasantly home."

"Oh, no home! I will never, never more go in a dreadful boat!" cried the child, with sobs of distress and terror, hanging wildly her sister upon her sister's arm.

"Dear! it is just a boat like just; it is no ship, but a handsome painted boat, all red and green, and we shall you never see the tide, and all the wind shining; and it is sun upon the sea, but the sunset, that is so quiet as our own home at home; and instead of going up and down with no big waves, to just dip on and rip on and see all the beside little houses on the bank and the flowers in the gardens, all in a moment the boat comes to the quay, and there is my mother smiling and all the home."

"No, no, no home, my mamie! I want my mamie!" cried the child. It was the only time she frowned out of Grief's description, though it

"And to shall have your mamie," said Grief, kissing her along with an arm round her waist. But here Juliana gave a lamentable cry.

"Oh, my shoes! my shoes! Oh, where are my shoes!" and stopped, looking out one foot in its blue stocking.

The shoes indeed had stuck in the mud, and the emigrant was far too tired and feeble for the exertion of getting them out again, neither is the dark was a position to find them. There was a tumult of despair, in which Juliana's pitiful crying and the dropping of the rain in the puddles and the wind filled the miserable darkness.

The others, too weary to pay attention, were stumbling on in the mud, their figures going lumbering off, while the two girls were thus arrested.

But Grief's quick mind, though it proved a moment's downfall, was not easily overcome. She stopped down and got her little sister, with great trouble, unwilling upon her back.

"Now we mend the rock and put your head on my shoulder, and may be you will fall asleep," she said.

The rain was soaking on heavier than ever; the mud seized deeply at every step. Sometimes she almost lost sight of the other passengers, who were taking along before her. If she had them, and lost the track, what would become of Juliana in the horror of the night!

Grief's brave heart, nearly overcome, flung off as sure as she made a great effort, and quickening her pace notwithstanding her burden, came up at last with her companions.

They were all too much worn out for talk, and never for no questions about her delay, but made any remark upon the burden she bore. And thus one little party went plodding on, for to one so exercised so tired.

When the lights of Rotterdam, gleaming up along the canal, came in sight, what a burst of hope and promise was in them! This gave fine support for the last portion of the way, though it was a labor that any not had ever been before.

Juliana, sleeping profoundly despite the unwonted and inconvenient mode, and her head gray hanging on Grief's shoulder. In some fatigue and misery she had dropped asleep.

And tired too, herself going in unconsciously, because she dared not let go it, and so sort of her own, was so much and bewildered that she cannot know what was happening, when there was stopping after the dark train for. Dreadfully with a flight of stairs had once led her down, and you found yourself in the tailor's shop.

"Poor Juliana, poor dear the dear lass!" the Dutch tailor's woman took this observation out for. "Look at her little boots, that has lost one buckle yet! Poorly, poor lass a lass, the O Francis is not in the boat. Ah! is poor Dick, lost in Dublin."

"And what is my Grief, after such a journey?" said the Patrick, with moisture in his eyes.

"Yes! I am just so happy! I cannot contain!" cried Grief, her pale face glowing and beaming. "For we never were they all out," says the story, "that the forgot everything, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment."

"And it will be a grand fact for Sandy and the man," she added in a musing, with soft laughter, "to hear the story of Juliana's shoes."

And so it was, and often was the story told long after Juliana, half-ashamed, half-proud to be the heroine of such an adventure, had forgotten the misery of the journey.

"So I will lay on my back," Grief would say, and the children all thought that the most natural thing in the world.

THE BEST.

Give perfect love,
To life and shows
Is worth far more
Than mere wealth
That lives on,
Then pass away.

For the Companion.

ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Probably no accomplice is subject to greater perils, as the most filled with incidents. Safe in a moment's time to develop into dangerous and terrible accidents—that that of a locomotive engineer, and no death is so sudden, or, it may be, more, so protracted and horrible by suffering, as that which often falls to the lot of those heroes of the rivulets and the brine.

The incident which I am about to relate, will serve to illustrate some of the dangers to which I have referred.

It was a sultry day, and tired of my long ride westward, and the heat and confinement of the cars, I took opportunity, while the train waited for passengers to walk along the platform to refresh myself. As I was strolling by the engine, at intervals this time, I stopped to admire it, and presently began a conversation with the engineer, who seemed good-humored and friendly, and whom I presumed to be a very intelligent man.

Seeing my interest in his engine, he presently invited me to take a seat in the cab; and during the half hour we were occupied in waiting at the station he gave me many practical points of his vocation, concluding with the following narrative of an experience, without a parallel, so far as I know, in the annals of life on the rail. He said,—

"In the summer of '[illegible] I was promoted to passenger engine 46, the same we are in now. It was, and is still, one of the finest and fastest engines on this line. The road had then been built only five or six years, but was already doing a large freight and passenger business.

"The division that I ran ever was a long one—a tortured and tempestuous valley. The 'boys' called it the ridge,' because it was up-grade from both ends to nearly the summit. [illegible] way, as when there happened to be a long train, an extra engine, called a 'helper,' was ordered out to help the regular engine up the grade. At the top was a lonely and a side-track where 'helpers' usually. It was the duty of my to take the work round in pow over the division.

"One evening there happened to be several number of unscheduled, beside the regular trains, and consequently no extra engine, but not the regular helper, as it happened, had been ordered up to help me over the grade. I felt rather uneasy when I saw 'Bob M' back down and couple on in front of me.

"Yet it was a very good engine, as good as any on the road for power, weight and speed, but she was in charge of an engineer whom I distrusted. Dick Rogers, a large, hearty-faced and bewildering man, made no kind of figure. He went at his 'sponsa' when off duty, and we had been allowed to keep his place; but I was whispered among the 'boys,' that he had had bouts of intemperate already.

"You can never quite trust a man with an opposite for liquor, put that down in black and white.

"I became more uneasy when I mounted Dick's engine to look with him a minute and complete motions; for I detected the smell of whiskey in his breath, and saw that his face was red and his eyes blood-shot.

"At length 'All aboard' was given, the passengers, and we pulled out. Side-tracks, sidings, houses and sighted lights were soon passed. As we got out on the main line, we quickened speed and with very good up the grade at a rate of about thirty miles an hour.

"The train behind engine made but two stops in the entire distance to the 'summit.' We made these all right and on time. Everything was working smooth on board. It had grown dark; and as the forward engine prevented my seeing the track ahead, I leaned back after a time on my cushions. My own eyes, infinity, were during for one short.

"Poor lad! He was only nineteen. I didn't want him to go on the road, but he begged so hard that I took him on to the fire for me. Well, I am wandering like an old man and that reminiscent this time, and listening to my dreamlike sound of the cylinders. Off there that time, so unwanted and troublesome, broke in quite and brought the season. I spoke they an so for a minute to [illegible].

"Suddenly, Jimmy called out to me. 'Jim, yer [illegible] Jim!' he shouted.

"I pulled and looked out. The motor was rushing violently, and though I could see but little to the dark room, I knew that we were on the level stretch and gained that over the side track, at the summit where Jim [illegible] to unhook from me.

"What the Dick makes my [illegible]? I shouted [illegible] out, then springing on the cab beside.

"There was a rapid alternation of speed, for a few [illegible] a sharp stop and a dash blind.

"The engine bore that heavily, the wheels [illegible] were serious, and the speed at once [illegible] and we were racing over the rails back and forward on the [illegible] of [illegible] grade. Indeed, while the [illegible] train, the shock of both engine [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] side track.

"Dick's not intentional that Dick's would be so, he [illegible] Jimmy and the [illegible] Jimmy, and [illegible] the [illegible] Jimmy, poor lad, is trying to stand, on the [illegible] hat, or help the overpower Rogers, and keep Dick off. I know it is a moment that he wear hats [illegible] off. I know it was crowing [illegible] to [illegible] I think, for we were crowing [illegible] to [illegible] was obliged to go on. But you know how the [illegible] fellow fetched him, struck table back, lying flattened and dazed on the foot of some rocks a few yards from the track."

S. Pitcaran.

FIDELITY.

Perfect dissection, where is perfection
With duty, Perfect in their policy
Of honest will, which would [illegible] [illegible]
With God's eternal [illegible]. —Hannah More.

For the Companion.

AN ADVENTURE IN MALACCA STRAITS.

By Dr. B. Andie Stockwell.

In 186[illegible] I was junior partner in the firm of Thrift, May & Co., of Liverpool, and having for some time suffered with ill health, our senior proposed I should go out to Bombay—and further if I think—to a ship we had just launched and christened after his daughter,—the my friend,—the Hosta d.

I readily fell in with the proposition for [illegible] necessary to explain, the more so inasmuch as Capt. Ire Rosey was a warm personal friend, and would be accompanied by his newly made bride, who was also the confidential intimate of,—none one else. All being settled, my trunks were placed on board, and I undertook to discharge the duties of supercargo, which that worthy was relegated a third in the sailing [illegible].

Of the voyage not but little need to tell, since long the month of the Mersey to Colaba Light it was the usual estimation of island light and heavy gales, clear and cloudy skies, dolphins, flying fish, Sugar birds, Cape pigeons and Portuguese man-of-war—[illegible] being pretty little pink blubbers, with long sliding stem hanging down in the clear water, with iridescent blue gauze sails stitched the leaves of trees, through which the light shone as they kept before the wind.

It is enough to say, that by the time Bombay was reached I resolved to continue the voyage, the Rosey taking lading for San Francisco. Thence we sailed to Honolulu in ballast and took cargo for Hong Kong, which was then exchanged for cargo to Calcutta, where I found letters requesting me to load the ship for Valparaiso and proceed thither in her, in order to give personal superintendence to matters of great importance to our house, when I would be at liberty to return home in any way I liked, even to the Black Sea, provided I could then load for the Liverpool.

From this transcontinental the Indian Ocean and China Sea had swarmed with pirates, a band of many boats that infested every bay and isle from the Bosphorus to Formosa Channel, and Cape Negrais to the Malacca and Java Sea. In spite of ten Magong's ordinance, they still carried on their infamous calling almost under their very noses, defying foreign, but in a measure supported by native powers.

Even Singapore was known, as a central rendezvous and harboring-place in a great way, since it was not in opposition to the interests or bring to book those [illegible] Indeed, such was the state of affairs that England had long been forced to keep a large fleet in those seas, not only to protect her own commerce, but at a loss of humanity to other nations, her participation in share the service that was made by right. The Dutch, with large interests in Java and Borneo, had but a single man-of-war, a pretty frigate, but up to ordinary in Arkansas; the United States, with a commerce that is rolled over every quarter, but those believed only to protect the seas from Western Africa to Kamchatka, while the fleets of France and Spain were employed for the to succeed or succeed to afford aid.

It was one week after pirate, when Rogers "blockaded" and "[illegible]-ended" had destroyed scores of Malay settlements, and helped every [illegible] knew upon whose hands could be laid, resolve to give a clear and satisfactory account of his course of [illegible] that anything like safety required. Such may be found high-handed measures, but savingness deeply concerned those demand desperate methods; and when it is understood that every Malay is a fiend, [illegible] the American merchant would stand up to humanity's best sentiment, barbarous and rapine, when remote theft and murder or actual treason, any one kind accountably to and more manifest law.

All craft in Oriental trade carried large crews with corresponding armament, though pirates now rarely ventured to attack a large ship, unless palpably disabled.

One morn, including the night little wife of the skipper, mentioned just to say that such fears and all, yet there was neither a "sniper" in the forecastle nor aft in the cabin. Its Rosey should not have a gun hold in the ship, for he held that sin such was as bad to sin, and that two were enough to demoralize a whole [illegible]. Such, so getting into the Straits from San Francisco we had passed through the worst of the pirate-infested seas unmolested, and had been fortunate in encountering thirty or [illegible] voyage, though we might have remembered the old saw of the pitcher that goes to the well—and I was getting sleep too fast.

The rays of Sagittarius, Orion, and Aquarius shed the river from our anchorage at Port William Calcutta, and five days just about off the top average of Sandy Ty that all we passed the Straits Sunda and dead on to sea. The week day we sighted the Sumbar group, the Andamans being seen from our [illegible] and, and then up for the Straits of Malacca, [illegible] down the Sea Bay of Bengal to discover pirate [illegible] and [illegible] vessels.

The twenty-third of the month found us sailing about in a pale of wind that blew [illegible] the [illegible] day, leaving us in the greater part of a week [illegible] about in a heavy swell with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Pulo Pinang, the pirate. The [illegible] dropped in with no improvement, the afternoon [illegible] Sunday and reviving the deck with [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]